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TRAVELS

IN THE

GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES,

THE ANAHUAC AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

AND IN

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THE OREGON TERRITORY.

BY THOMAS J. FARNHAM.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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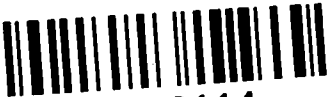

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TRAVELS

IN THE

GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES.

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VOL. II.

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TRAVELS

IN THE

GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Bear Hunt—Sulphur Puddle—The River—Wolves and their Fare—Dog Eating—Little Snake River—Thirst —Deserts — Mountains — Mountain Hottentots — Brown's Hole—Fort David Crockett—Traders—Winter and its Hilarities—Love—The Way to get a Wife—A Recommendation to Civilized People—The Colorado of the West—Club Indians—The Shoshonies—An Indian Temperance Society—The Crows—The Blackfeet—Unburied Skeletons—The Arrapahoes, and Citizenship among them—War Parties—Lodge of the Great Spirit—Religious Ceremonies—The Vow and an Incident—The First Shoshonie who saw a White Man.

6th August. Eighteen miles to-day over the barren intervales of the river. The wild wormwood and prickly pear were almost the only evidences of vegetative powers which the soil presented. A rugged deso-

lation of loam and sand bluffs, barren vales of red earth, and an occasional solitary boulder of granite; no mountains even, to relieve the dreary monotony of the sickening sight. About twelve o'clock it was pleasant to see a small band of antelopes show themselves on the brink of a bluff.

We halted, and attempted to approach them; but they had been hunted a few days before by the French trappers, whom we had met, and by no means relished our companionship. Away they ran like the wind. Our hopes of finding game were at an end; the French trappers had seen, on all their way out, no other game than this band of antelopes. Our faithful greyhound could be eaten as a last resource, and we travelled on. Our excellent guide insisted upon walking nearly all the way that I might ride. This was inestimably kind in him. The act flowed from his own goodness; for, during our long journey together, he had never failed to take every opportunity to make me comfortable. We arranged our camp to-night with unusual care. The Sioux were among the hills on the right, and every preparation was therefore made to receive an attack from them. But like many other expectations of the

kind, this vanished as the beautiful mountain morn dawned upon the silent desert.

7th. To-day we travelled across a great southward bend in the river. The face of the country a desert—neither tree nor shrub, nor grass, nor water in sight. During the afternoon we fell in with an old grisly bear and two cubs. It was a dangerous business, but starvation knows no fear.

Kelly and Smith, having horses that could run, determined to give chase and shoot one cub, while the greyhound should have the honour of a battle with the other. Under this arrangement the chase commenced. The old bear, unfaithful to her young, ran ahead of them in her fright, and showed no other affection for them than to stop occasionally, raise herself on her hind feet, and utter a most piteous scream. The horses soon ran down one cub, and the greyhound the other, so that in half an hour we were on the route again with the certain prospect of a supper when we should encamp. Had we found water and wood where we killed our meat, we should have believed it impossible to have proceeded further without food; but as necessity seldom deals in mercy, she

compelled us in this case, to travel till dark, before we found wood enough to cook our food, and water enough to quench our parching thirst. At last, turning from our track and following down a deep ravine that ran toward the river, we came upon a filthy, oozing sulphurous puddle which our horses, though they had had no water the entire day, refused to drink. There was no alternative, however, between drinking this and thirsting still, and we submitted to the lesser of two evils. We drank it; and with the aid of dry wormwood for fuel, boiled our meat in it. These cubs were each of about twelve pounds weight. The livers, hearts, heads, and the fore quarters of one of them, made us a filthy supper. It, however, served the purpose of better food as it prevented starvation. We had travelled eighteen miles.

8th. The morning being clear and excessively warm, we thought it prudent to seek the river again, that we might obtain water for ourselves and animals. They had had no grass for the last twenty-four hours; and the prospect of finding some for the poor animals upon the intervales, was an additional inducement to adopt this course. We accordingly wound down the ravine two

or three miles, struck the river at a point where its banks were productive, and unpacked to feed them, and treat ourselves to a breakfast of cub meat. Boiled or roasted, it was miserable food. To eat it, however, or not to eat at all, was the alternative. Furthermore, in a region where lizards grow poor, and wolves lean against sand banks to howl, cub soup, without salt, pepper, &c., must be acknowledged to be quite in style.

Having become somewhat comfortable by feasting thus, we travelled on down this river of deserts twenty miles, and encamped again on its banks. At this encampment we ate the last of our meat; and broke the bones with our hatchet for the oily marrow in them. The prospect of suffering from hunger before we could arrive at Brown's Hole, became every hour more and more certain. The country between us and that point was known to be so sterile, that not even a grisly bear was to be hoped for in it. It was a desert of black flint, sand and marl, rendered barren by perpetual drought.

9th. Travelled twenty-three miles along the river — nothing to eat, not even a thistle stalk. At night we tried to take

some fish; the stream proved as ungenerous as the soil on its banks.

10th. Made fifteen miles to-day; country covered with wild wormwood; at intervals a little bunch grass—dry and dead; face of the country formerly a plain, new washed into hills. Our dog was frantic with hunger; and although he had treated us to a cub, and served us with all the fidelity of his race, we determined in full council to-night, if our hooks took no fish, to breakfast on his faithful heart in the morning. A horrid night we passed: forty-eight hours without a morsel of food! Our camp was eight miles above the junction of Little Bear and Little Snake Rivers.

11th. This morning we tried our utmost skill at fishing. Patience often cried 'hold' but the appearance of our poor dog would admonish us to continue our efforts to obtain a breakfast from the stream. Thus we fished and fasted till eight o'clock. A small fish or two were caught—three or four ounces of food for seven starving men! Our guide declared the noble dog must die! He was accordingly shot, his hair burnt off, and his fore quarters boiled and eaten! Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point, there

existed among us what politicians term an honest difference of opinion. To me, it tasted like the *flesh of a dog, a singed dog;* and appetite keen though it was, and edged by a fast of fifty hours, could not but be sensibly alive to the fact that, whether cooked or barking, a dog is still a dog, every where. After our repast was finished, we saddled and rode over the plains in a northerly direction for Brown's Hole. We had been travelling the last five days, in a westerly course; and as the river continued in that direction, we left it to see it no more, I would humbly hope, till the dews of Heaven shall cause its deserts to blossom and ripen into something more nutritive than wild wormwood and gravel.

We crossed Little Snake River about ten o'clock. This stream is similar in size to that we had just left. The water was clear and warm; the channel rocky and bordered by barren bluffs. No trees grew upon its banks where we struck it; though I was informed that higher up, it was skirted with pretty groves of cotton wood. But as the Sioux war party which had attacked the French trappers in this neighbourhood, was probably not far from our trail, perhaps on it, and near us, we spent little time in examining either groves or deserts; for

we were vain enough to suppose that the mere incident of being scalped here would not be so interesting, to ourselves at least, as would be our speedy arrival at Craig and Thomson's post—where we might eat Christian food and rest from the fatigues of our journey. For these, and several other palpable reasons, we drove on speedily and silently, with every eye watchful, every gun well primed, every animal close to his fellows, till ten o'clock at night. We then halted near a place where we had been told by the French trappers, we could find a spring of water. The day had been excessively warm, and our thirst was well nigh insufferable. Hence the long search for the cooling spring to slake its burnings. It was in vain. Near midnight therefore it was abandoned by all, and we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, hungry, thirsty, and weary, and sunk to rest upon the sand. Another dreadful night! Thirst, burning thirst! The glands cease to moisten the mouth, the throat becomes dry and feverish, the lungs cease to be satisfied with the air they inhale, the heart is sick and faint; and the nerves preternaturally active, do violence to every vital organ. It is an incipient throe of death.

21st. We arose at break of day, and

pursued our journey over the grey, barren wastes. This region is doomed to perpetual sterility. In many portions of it there appears to be a fine soil. But the trappers say that very little rain or snow falls upon it; hence its unproductiveness. And thus it is said to be with the whole country lying to the distance of hundreds of miles on each side of the whole course of the Colorado of the West. Vast plateaux of desolation, yielding only the wild wormwood and prickly pear! So barren, so hot, so destitute is it of water that can be obtained and drunk, that the mountain sheep, and hare even, animals which drink less than any others that inhabit these regions, do not venture there. Travellers along that stream are said to be compelled to carry it long distances upon animals, and draw it where it is possible so to do, with a rope and skin bucket from the chasm of the stream. And yet their animals frequently die of thirst and hunger; and men often save their lives by eating the carcasses of the dead, and by drinking the blood which they from time to time draw from the veins of the living.

Between this river and the Great Salt Lake, there is a stream called Severe River, which rises in the high plateaux to the S.E.

of the lake, and running some considerable distance in a westerly course, terminates in its own lakes. On the banks of this river there is said to be some vegetation, as grasses, trees, and edible roots. Here live the "Piutes" and "Land Pitches," the most degraded and least intellectual Indians known to the trappers. They wear no clothing of any description—build no shelters. They eat roots, lizards, and snails. Their persons are more disgusting than those of the Hottentots.

They provide nothing for future wants. And when the lizard and snail and wild roots are buried in the snows of winter, they are said to retire to the vicinity of timber, dig holes in the form of ovens in the steep sides of the sand hills, and, having heated them to a certain degree, deposit themselves in them, and sleep and fast till the weather permits them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter, have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead, and others crawling among them, who had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death, to those that crawled upon their hands and feet,

eating grass like cattle. It is said that they have no weapons of defence except the club, and that in the use of that they are very unskilful. These poor creatures are hunted in the spring of the year, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and when taken, are fattened, carried to Santa Fé and sold as slaves during their minority. "A likely girl" in her teens brings oftentimes £60 or £80. The males are valued less.

At about eleven o'clock we came to a stream of good water and halted to slake our thirst and cook the remainder of our dog mutton. Our animals' sufferings had nearly equalled our own. And while we ate and rested under the shade of a tree, it added much to our enjoyment to see the famished beasts regale themselves upon a plat of short wiry grass beside the stream. Some marks of dragging lodge poles along the now well defined trail, indicated to us that a portion of the Shoshonie or Snake tribe had lately left Brown's Hole. From this circumstance we began to fear what afterwards proved true, that our hopes of finding the Snakes at that post and of getting meat from them would prove fallacious. Our filthy meal being finished, we gathered

up our little caravan and moved forward at a round pace for three hours, when the bluffs opened before us the beautiful plain of Brown's Hole. As we entered it we crossed two cool streams that tumbled down from the stratified cliffs near at hand on the right; and a few rods beyond, the whole area became visible. The Fort, as it is called, peered up in the centre, upon the winding bank of the Sheetskadee. The dark mountains rose around it sublimely, and the green fields swept away into the deep precipitous gorges more beautifully than I can describe.

How glad is man to see his home again after a weary absence! Every step becomes quicker as he approaches its sacred portals; and kind smiles greet him; and leaping hearts beat upon his; and warm lips press his own. It is the holy sacrament of friendship. Yet there is another class of these emotions that appears to be not less holy. They arise when, after having been long cut off from every habit and sympathy of civilized life, long wandering among the deep and silent temples of the eternal mountains, long and hourly exposed to the scalping knife of savages and the agonies of

starvation, one beholds the dwellings of civilized men—kindred of the old Patriot blood, rearing their hospitable roofs among those heights, inviting the houseless, way-worn wanderer to rest; to relax the tension of his energies, close his long watching eyes, and repose the heart awhile among generous spirits of his own race. Is not the hand that grasps yours then, an honest hand? Does it not distil, by its sacred warmth and hearty embrace, some of the dearest emotions of which the soul is capable; friendship unalloyed, warm, holy, and heavenly?

Thus it seemed to me, at all events, as we rode into the hollow square and received from St. Clair, the person in charge, the hearty welcome of an old hunter to "Fort David Crockett." A room was appropriated immediately for our reception, our horses were given to the care of his horse guard, and every other arrangement within his means, was made, to make us feel that within that little nest of fertility, amid the barrenness of the great Stony Range—far from the institutions of law and religion—far from the sweet ties of family relations, and all those nameless endearing influences that shed their rich

fragrance over human nature in its cultivated abiding places—that there even could be given us the fruits of the sincerest friendship. Such kindness can be appreciated fully by those only who have enjoyed it in such places; who have seen it manifested in its own way; by those only, who have starved and thirsted in these deserts and been welcomed, and made thrice welcome, after months of weary wandering, to "Fort David Crockett."

After partaking of the hospitality of Mr. St. Clair, I strolled out to examine more minutely this wonderful little valley. It is situated in or about latitude 42° north; one hundred miles south of Wind River mountains, on the Sheetskadee (Prairie Cock) River. Its elevation is something more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It appeared to be about six miles in diameter; shut in, in all direction, by dark frowning mountains, rising one thousand five hundred feet above the plain. The Sheetskadee, or Green River, runs through it, sweeping in a beautiful curve from the north-west to the south-west part of it, where it breaks its way through the encircling mountains, between cliffs, one thousand feet in height, broken and hanging as

if poised on the air. The area of the plain is thickly set with the rich mountain grasses, and dotted with little copses of cotton wood and willow trees. The soil is alluvial, and capable of producing abundantly all kinds of small grains, vegetables, &c., that are raised in the northern States. Its climate is very remarkable. Although in all the country, within a hundred miles of it, the winter months bring snows, and the severe cold that we should expect in such a latitude, and at such an elevation above the level of the sea, yet in this little nook, the grass grows all the winter; so that, while the storm rages on the mountains in sight, and the drifting snows mingle in the blasts of December, the old hunters here heed it not. Their horses are cropping the green grass on the banks of the Sheetskadee, while they themselves are roasting the fat loins of the mountain sheep, and laughing at the merry tale and song.

The Fort is a hollow square of one story log cabins, with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort William. Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers, who were away on their "fall hunt," and also the lodges of a few

Snake Indians, who had preceded their tribe to this, their winter haunt. Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader, who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers. His skin lodge was his warehouse ; and buffalo robes were spread upon the ground and counter, on which he displayed his butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish-hooks, and whisky. In exchange for these articles he receives beaver skins from trappers, money from travellers, and horses from the Indians. Thus, as one would believe, Mr. Robinson drives a very snug little business. And indeed, when all the "independent trappers" are driven by approaching winter into this delightful retreat, and the whole Snake village, two or three thousand strong, impelled by the same necessity, pitch their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is no want of customers.

These winters in Brown's hole are somewhat like winters among the mountains of New England, in the effects they produce on the rise and progress of the art of all arts—the art of love. For, as among the good old hills of my native clime, quiltings,

and singing-schools, and evening dances, when the stars are shining brightly on the snow crust, do soften the heart of the mountain lad and lassie, and cause the sigh and blush to triumph over all the counsels of maiden aunts and fortune-tellers ; so here in this beautiful valley, and in the skin lodge village of the Snakes, there are bright evenings, beaming stars, and mellow moons, and social circles for singing the wild ditties of their tribe, and for sewing with the sinews of the deer, their leggings, moccasins and buffalo robes, and for being bewitched with the tender passion.

The dance, too, enlivens the village. The musician chants the wild song, and marks the time by regular beatings with a stick upon a sounding board ; and light heels, and sturdy frames, and buxom forms respond to his call. To these, and other gatherings, the young go, to see who are the fairest, and best, and most loved of the throng. Our friend Cupid goes there too. Yes, Cupid at an Indian dance! And there measuring bow and arrow with those who invented them, he often lays at his feet, I am told, the proudest hawk's feather that adorns the brow of Chief or Chiefess. For, on the

morning after the dance, it not unfrequently happens that he of the beard is compelled, by force of certain uneasy sensations about the heart, to apply to some beardless one for the balm of sweet smiles for his relief.

He does not wait for the calm hour of a Sunday night. Nor does he delay putting the question by poetical allusions to the violet and firmament. No! Calm hours and the poetry of nature have no charms for him. He wants none of these. Our friend Cupid has cast an arrow into his heart, bearded with the stings of irresistible emotion; and he seeks that mischievous fair one, her alone who selected the arrow and the victim; her alone who was a "particeps criminis" in the loss of that great central organ of his life, called in the annals of Christian countries, "the heart." No! his course is vastly more philosophical and single-minded, (I mean no offence to my countrymen—none to you, ye Britons over the waters,) than the ginger-bread, sugar-candy courtships of Christian people. He first pays his addresses to his band of horses; selects the most beautiful and valuable of them all, and then goes with his chosen horse to the lodge of his chosen

girl's father or mother, or if both these be dead, to the lodge of her eldest sister, ties the animal to the tent pole, and goes away. After his departure, the inmates of the lodge issue from it, and in due form examine the horse, and if it appears to be worth as much as the girl whom the owner seeks, an interview is had, the horse taken by the parents, or sister, as the case may be, and the lover takes the girl. A fair business transaction, you perceive, my readers—"a quid pro quo"—a compensation in kind.

The girl, received in exchange for the horse, becomes the absolute personal property of the enamoured jockey, subject to be re-sold whenever the state of the market and his own affection will allow. But if those, whose right it is to judge in the matter, are of opinion that the girl is worth more than the horse, another is brought; and if these are not enough, he of the beard may bring another, or get Cupid to shoot his heart in another direction.

There are many benefits in this mode of obtaining that description of legal chattles called a wife, over the mode usually adopted among us. As for example: by this mode there is a price given for a valuable article. Now to my apprehension, this is an improvement upon our plan; for it

removes entirely from certain old daddies, the necessity of disposing of their daughters by gift, to certain worthless, portionless young men, who are merely virtuous, talented, honest and industrious; an evil of no small magnitude, as may be learned by inquiry in the proper quarter. But the Indian system of matrimony extirpates it. Wealth measures off affection and property by the peck, yard or dollar's worth, as circumstances require; and no young lady of real genuine property, respectability and standing, and family, will think of placing her affections upon a talented, virtuous and industrious, promising and prosperous coxcomb of poverty; nor, vice versâ, will a young man of these vulgar qualities have the unfathomable barefacedness to propose himself to a young lady of real genuine property respectability, property form, property face, property virtue, property modesty, and property intelligence.

No, bless the day! such impudence will cease to interfere with the legitimate pretensions of those who are able—while they declare their passion mighty, unalterable and pure—to place in the hands from which they receive the dear object of their property love, the last quoted prices of the family stock.

But I pass to the consideration of another view of this matter which I deem, if possible, of still greater importance. As, if in disposing of young ladies in marriage, a valuation in money should be made of their property beauty, property modesty, property intelligence, &c., and required to be paid before marriage, the false opinion that honesty, probity, intelligence, integrity, virtue and respectability can exist without a property basis, would gradually fade away before the influence of our rich daddies' daughters. Oh the age that would then bless our earth! The piety of the church would fan itself in the property pew. The forum of jurisprudence would then echo to the lofty strains of property eloquence. The groves of Academus would breathe the wisdom of property philosophy. The easel of the artist would cast upon the canvas the inspirations of property genius. And music, and sculpture, and poetry, born in garrets, would give place to another race of these arts—a property race, that could be kept in one's apartments without compelling one to blush for their origin. We should then have a property fitness of things, that would place our property selves in a state of exalted property beatitude.

It is hoped that the Legislators of the world will bestow upon this matter their most serious attention, and from time to time pass such laws as will aid mankind in attaining this splendid and brilliant exaltation of our nature, when the precious metals shall be a universal measure of value.

This is diverging. But after my reader is informed that the only distinct aim I proposed to myself in writing my journal, was to keep the day of the month correctly, and in other respects "keep a blotter," the transition from this strain of true philosophy, to a notice of the white men and their squaws, will be thought easy and natural.

If, then, a white man is disposed to take unto himself a squaw among the Snakes, he must conform to the laws and customs of the tribe, which have been ordained and established for the regulation of all such matters. And, whether the colour in any individual case be of black or white, does not seem to be a question ever raised to take it out of the rules. The only difference is, that the property, beauty, &c. of the whites frequently give them the preference on 'change, and enable them to

obtain the best squaws of the nation. These connexions between the white trappers and squaws I am told, are the cause of so many of the former remaining during life in these valleys of blood.—They seem to love them as ardently as they would females of their own colour.

A trader is living there with a young Eutaw squaw, through whose charms he has forsaken friends, wealth and ease, and civilization, for an Indian lodge among all the dangers and wants of a wilderness. This gentleman is said to have a standing offer of £140 for his dear one, whenever, in the course of a limited time, he will sell her graces. But it is believed that his heart has so much to do with his estimation of her value, that no consideration could induce him voluntarily to deprive himself of her society.

The above anecdotes were related to me during the first evening I spent at Fort David Crockett. It was a bright ethereal night. The Fort stood in the shade of the wild and dark cliffs, while the light of the moon shone on the western peaks, and cast a deeper darkness into the inaccessible gorges on the face of the mountains. The Sheetskadee flowed silently among the al-

ders—the fires in the Indian lodges were smouldering; sleep had gathered every animate thing in its embrace. It was a night of deep solitude. I enjoyed the lovely scene till near midnight in company with Mr. St. Clair; and when at last its excitements and the thrilling pleasure of being relieved from the prospect of death by hunger allowed me to slumber, that gentleman conducted me to his own room and bed, and bade me occupy both while I should remain with him. He expressed regret that he had so little provisions in the Fort;—a small quantity of old jerked meat; a little tea and sugar.

"But," said he, "share it with me as long as it lasts. I have hunters out; they will be here in ten or twelve days; you have been starving; eat while there is any thing left, and when all is gone we'll have a mountain sheep, or a dog to keep off starvation till the hunters come in."

My companions and guide were less fortunate. We purchased all the meat which either money or goods could induce the Indians to sell. It amounted to one day's supply for the company. And as there was supposed to be no game within a circuit of one hundred miles, it became

matter of serious inquiry whether we should seek it in the direction of Fort Hall, or on the head waters of Little Snake River, one hundred miles off our proper route to Oregon.

In the latter place there were plenty of fine, fat buffalo; but on the way to the other point there was nothing but antelope, difficult to kill, and poor. A collateral circumstance turned the scale of our deliberations. That circumstance was dog meat. We could get a supply of these delectable animals from the Indians; they would keep life in us till we could reach Fort Hall; and by aid thereof we could immediately proceed on our journey, cross the Blue Mountains before the snow should render them impassable, and reach Vancouver, on the lower Columbia, during the autumn. On the contrary, if we sought meat on the waters of Little Snake River, it would be so late before we should be prepared to resume our journey, that we could not pass those mountains until May or June of the following spring.

The dogs, therefore, were purchased; and preparations were made for our departure to Fort Hall, as soon as ourselves and our animals were sufficiently

recruited for the undertaking. Meanwhile my companions ate upon our stock of barking mutton. And thus we spent seven days—delightful days; for although our fare was humble and scanty, yet the flesh began to creep upon our skeletons, our minds to resume their usual vivacity, and our hearts to warm again with the ordinary emotions of human existence.

The trials of a journey in the western wilderness can never be detailed in words. To be understood, they must be endured. Their effects upon the physical and mental system are equally prostrating. The desolation of one kind and another which meets the eye every where; the sense of vastness associated with dearth and barrenness, and of sublimity connected with eternal, killing frost;—of loneliness coupled with a thousand natural causes of one's destruction; perpetual journeyings over endless declivities, among tempests, through freezing torrents; one half the time on foot, with nothing but moccasins to protect the feet from the flinty gravel and the thorns of the prickly pear along the unbeaten way; and the starvings and thirstings wilt the muscles, send preternatural activity into the nervous system, and through the whole

animal and mental economy a feebleness, an irritability altogether indescribable.

At Fort David Crockett there were rest, and food, and safety; and old Father Time, as he mowed away the passing moments and gathered them into the great garner of the Past, cast upon the Future a few blossoms of hope, and sweetened the hours, now and then, with a bit of information about this portion of his ancient dominion. I heard from various persons, more or less acquainted with the Colorado of the West, a confirmation of the account of that river given in the journals of previous days; and also that there resides at the lower end of its great kenyon, a band of the Club Indians —very many of whom are seven feet high, and well proportioned; that these Indians raise large quantities of black beans upon the sandy intervales on the stream; that the oval-leaf prickly-pear grows there from fifteen to twenty feet in height; that these Indians make molasses from its fruit; that their principal weapon of warfare is the club, which they wield with amazing dexterity and force; that they inhabit a wide extent of country north-west, and south-east of this lower part of the river; that they have never been subdued by the

Spaniards, and are inimical to all white people. Subsequent inquiry in California satisfied me that this river is navigable only thirty or forty miles from its mouth, and that the Indians who live upon its barren banks near the Gulf, are such as I have described.

The Snakes, or Shoshonies, are a wandering tribe of Indians who inhabit that part of the Rocky Mountains which lies on the Grand and Green River branches of the Colorado of the West, the valley of Great Bear River, the habitable shores of the Great Salt Lake, a considerable portion of country on Snake River above and below Fort Hall, and a tract extending two or three hundred miles to the west of that post. Those who reside in the place last named, are said to subsist principally on roots; they, however, kill a few deer, and clothe themselves with their skins. The band living on Snake River subsist on the fish of the stream, buffalo, deer, and other game. Those residing on the branches of the Colorado, live on roots, buffalo, elk, deer, the mountain-sheep, and antelope. The Snakes own many horses. These, with their thousands of dogs, constitute all the domestic animals among them. They have

conical skin-lodges, a few camp-kettles, butcher-knives and guns. Many of them, however, still use the bow and arrow. In dress, they follow the universal Indian costume – moccasins, leggings, and the hunting-shirt. Nothing but the hair covers the head; and this, indeed, would seem sufficient, if certain statements made in relation to it be true; as that it frequently grows four and five feet in length, and in one case eleven feet. In these instances, it is braided and wound round the head in the form of a Turkish turban. If only two or three feet in length, it is braided on the female head in two queues, which hang down the back: on the male, it is only combed behind the ears, and lies dishevelled around the shoulders. The female dress differs from that of the male in no other respect than this: the shirt or chemise of the former extends down to the feet. Beaver, otter, bear and buffalo skins, and horses are exchanged by them with the Arrapahoes, and the Americans, and British traders, for some few articles of wearing apparel; such as woollen blankets and hats. But as their stock of skins is always very limited, they find it necessary to husband it with much care, to obtain therewith a supply of tobacco, arms and ammunition.

From the first acquaintance of the whites with them, these people have been remarkable for their aversion to war, and those cruelties generally practised by their race. If permitted to live in peace among their mountains, and allowed to hunt the buffalo —that wandering patrimony of all the tribes—when necessity requires, they make war upon none, and turn none hungry away from their humble abodes. But these peaceable dispositions in the wilderness, where men are left to the protection of their impulses and physical energies, have yielded them little protection. The Blackfeet, Crows; Sioux and Eutaws have alternately fought them for the better right to the Old Park, and portions of their Territory, with varied success; and, at the present time, do those tribes yearly send predatory parties into their borders to rob them of their horses. But as the passes through which they enter the Snake country are becoming more and more destitute of game on which to subsist, their visits are less frequent, and their number less formidable. For several years, they have been in a great measure relieved from these annoyances.

From the time they met Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri to the

present day, the Snakes have opened their lodges to whites, with the most friendly feelings. And many are the citizens of the States, and the subjects of Britain, who have sought their villages, and by their hospitality have been saved from death among those awful solitudes. A guest among them is a sacred deposit of the Great Spirit. His property, when once arrived within their camp, is under the protection of their honour and religious principle; and should want, cupidity, or any other motive, tempt any individual to disregard these laws of hospitality, the property which may have been stolen, or its equivalent, is returned, and the offender punished. The Snakes are a very intelligent race. This appears in the comforts of their homes, their well-constructed lodges, the elegance and useful form of their wardrobes, their horse-gear, &c.

But more especially does it exhibit itself in their views of sensual excesses and other immoralities. These are inhibited by immemorial usages of the tribe. Nor does their code of customs operate upon those wrong doings only which originate among a savage people. Whatever indecency is offered them by their intercourse with the

whites, they avoid. Civilized vice is quite as offensive as that which grows up in their own untrained natures. The non-use of intoxicating liquor is an example of this kind. They abjured it from the commencement of its introduction among them. And they give the best of reasons for this custom:—"It unmans us for the hunt, and for defending ourselves against our enemies; it causes unnatural dissensions among ourselves; it makes the Chief less than his Indian; and by its use, imbecility and ruin would come upon the Shoshonie tribe."

Whatever difference of opinion may exist among civilized men on this matter, these Indians certainly reason well for themselves, and, I am inclined to think, for all others. A voice from the depth of the mountains—from the lips of a savage—sends to our ears the startling rebuke—"Make not, vend not, give not to us the *strong water*. It prostrates your superior knowledge, your enlarged capacities for happiness, your cultivated understandings. It breaks your strong laws; it rots down your strong houses; it buries you in the filthiest ditch of sin. Send it not to us; we would rather die by the arrows of the Blackfeet."

The Crows are a wandering tribe, and

usually found in the upper plains around the head-waters of the north fork of Great Platte, Snake, and Yellowstone rivers. Their number is estimated to be about five thousand. They are represented as the most arrant rascals among the mountains. The traders say of them that "they have never been known to keep a promise or do an honourable act." No white man or Indian trusts them. Murder and robbery are their principal employments. Much of their country is well watered, timbered, and capable of yielding an abundant reward to the husbandman.

The Blackfeet Indians reside on the Marias and other branches of the Missouri above the Great Falls. In 1828 they numbered about two thousand five hundred lodges or families. During that year they stole a blanket from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellowstone, which had belonged to a man who had died of the small-pox on the passage up the Missouri. The infected article being carried to their encampment upon the "left hand fork of the Missouri," spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs,

liver, and brain, were all new to their medicine-men; and the rotten corpse falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their phrenzy and ignorance they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream, and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed; whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment was a parallel of the Plague in London. They endeavoured for a time to bury the dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits, had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfeet race.

The Great Spirit had also placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them. He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurors, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the Great Pipe was extinguished for ever; their graves called for them; and the call was now answered by a thousand dying

groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister; father his son; and mother her sucking child; and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well-spent energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the two thousand five hundred families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of eight hundred only survived its ravages; and even to this hour do the bones of seven or eight thousand Blackfeet lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village, on the banks of the Yellowstone. But this infliction has in no wise humanized their blood-thirsty nature. As ever before, they wage exterminating war upon the traders and trappers, and the Oregon Indians.

The Arrapahoes reside south of the Snakes. They wander in the winter season over the country about the head of the Great Kenyon of the Colorado of the West, and to a considerable distance down that river; and in summer hunt the buffalo in the New Park, or "Bull Pen," in the "Old Park" on Grand River, and in "Boyou Salade," on the south fork of the Platte. Their

number is not well ascertained. Some estimate it at three thousand, others more, and others still less. They are said to be a brave, fearless, thrifty, ingenious, and hospitable people. They own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat. Hence the name Arrapahoes—dog eaters. They manufacture the wool of their sheep into blankets of a very superior quality. I saw many of them; possessed one; and believe them to be made with something in the form of a darning-needle. They appeared to be wrought, in the first time, like a fishing-net; and on this, as a foundation, darned so densely that the rain will not penetrate them. They are usually striped or checked with yellow and red.

There is in this tribe a very curious law of naturalization; it is based upon property. Any one, whether red or white, may avail himself of it. One horse, which can run with sufficient speed to overtake a buffalo cow, and another horse or mule, capable of bearing a pack of two hundred pounds, must be possessed by the applicant.

These being delivered to the principal chief of the tribe, and his intentions being made known, he is declared a citizen of the

Arrapahoe tribe, and entitled to a wife and other high privileges thereunto appertaining. Thus recognized, he enters upon a life of savage independence. His wife takes care of his horses, manufactures his saddles and bridles, and leash ropes and whips, his moccasins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; beats with a wooden adze his buffalo robes, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent covering, and drags from the distant hills the clean white-pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food and places it before him. And should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and as a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cures; sit and slumber on the couch which she spreads; and fight the enemies of the tribe. Their language is said to be essentially the same as that spoken by the Snakes and Cumanches.

This, and other tribes in the mountains, and in the upper plains, have a custom, the

same in its objects as was the ceremony of the "toga virilis" among the Romans.

When ripened into manhood, every young man of the tribe is expected to do some act of bravery that will give promise of his disposition and ability to defend the rights of his tribe and family. Nor can this expectation be disregarded. So, in the spring of the year, those of the age alluded to, associate themselves forty or fifty in a band, and devote themselves to the duties of man's estate in the following manner:—They take leave of their friends, and depart to some secret place near the woodlands; collect poles twenty or thirty feet in length, and raise them in the form of a cone; and cover the structure so thickly with leaves and boughs as to secure the interior from the gaze of persons outside. They then hang a fresh buffalo's head inside, near the top of the lodge where the poles meet; and below this, around the sides, suspend camp-kettles, scalps, and blankets, and the skin of a white buffalo, as offerings to the Great Spirit. After the lodge is thus arranged, they enter it with much solemnity, and commence the ceremonies which are to consecrate themselves to war, and the destruction of their own enemies, and those of the tribe. The

first act, is to seat themselves in a circle round a fire built in the centre of the lodge, and "make medicine;" that is,—invoke the presence and aid of protecting spirits, by smoking the great mystic pipe.

One of their number fills it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the bowl a bright coal from the fire within the lodge, draws the smoke into his lungs, and blows it thence through his nostrils. He then seizes the stem with both hands, and leaning forward, touches the ground between his feet with the lower part of the bowl, and smokes again as before. The feet, and arms, and breast, are successively touched in a similar way; and after each touching, the sacred smoke is inhaled as before. The pipe is then passed to the one on his right, who smokes as his fellow has done. And thus the Great Pipe goes round, and the smoke rises and mingles with the votive offerings to the Great Spirit which are suspended above their heads. Immediately after this smoking is believed to be a favoured time for offering prayer to the Great Spirit. They pray for courage, and victory over their foes in the campaign they are about to undertake; and that they may be protected from the spirits of evil-minded medicine men. They then make a solemn and irrevocable vow, that if

these medicine men do not make them sick —do not enter into their bosoms and destroy their strength and courage, they will never again see their relatives and tribe, unless they do so in garments stained with the blood of their enemies.

Having passed through these ceremonies, they rise and dance to the music of a war chant, till they are exhausted and swoon. In this state of insensibility, they imagine that the spirits of the brave dead visit them and teach them their duty, and inform them of the events that will transpire during the campaign. Three days and nights are passed in performing these ceremonies; during which time, they neither eat nor drink, nor leave the lodge. At early dawn of the fourth day they select a leader from their number, appoint a distant place of meeting; and emerging from the lodge, each walks away from it alone to the place of rendezvous. Having arrived there, they determine whose horses are to be stolen, whose scalps taken, and commence their march. They always go out on foot, wholly dependent upon their own energies for food and every other necessary. Among other things, it is considered a great disgrace to be long without meat and the means of riding.

It sometimes happens that these parties

are unable to satisfy the conditions of their consecration during the first season; and therefore are compelled to resort to some ingenious and satisfactory evasion of the obligations of their vow, or to go into winter quarters till another opening spring allows them to prosecute their designs. The trappers relate a case of this kind, which led to a curious incident. A war party of Blackfeet had spent the season in seeking for their enemies without success. The storms of approaching winter had begun to howl around, and a wish to return to the log fires and buffalo meat, and hilarities and friendships of the camp of the tribe in the high vales of the Upper Missouri, had become ardent, when a forlorn, solitary trapper who had long resided among them, entered their camp. Affectionate and sincere greetings passed at the moment of meeting.

The trapper, as is the custom, was invited to eat; and all appeared friendly and glad. But soon the Indians became reserved, and whispered ominously among themselves. At length came to the ear of the trapper high words of debate in regard to his life. They all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the "Great Tribe of their natural enemies, and that

with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their vow, and could return to their friends and tribe. A part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not so changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit, to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him —as a friend and brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger Him, and by no means relieve them from the obligations of their vow.

Another party reasoned that the Great Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to Him. He had indeed been their friend; they had called him brother, but he was also their natural enemy; and that the Great One to whom they had made their vow, would not release them at all from its obligations, if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to Himself. The other party rejoined, that although the trapper was their natural enemy, he was not one within the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life would be an evasion of its sacred

obligations, a blot upon their courage, and an outrage upon the laws of friendship ; that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life. The other party rebutted, that the trapper was confessedly their natural enemy ; that the conditions of their vow required the blood of their natural enemy ; and that the Great Spirit had sufficiently shown His views of the relative obligations of friendship and obedience to Himself in sending the trapper to their camp.

The trapper's friends perceiving that the obstinacy of their opponents was unlikely to yield to reason, proposed as a compromise, that, since, if they should adjudge the trapper their enemy within the requirements of their vow, his blood only would be needed to stain their garments, they would agree to take from him so much as might be necessary for that purpose ; and that in consideration of being a brother, he should retain enough to keep his heart alive. As their return to their tribe would be secured by this measure, little objection was raised to it. The flint lancet was applied to the veins of the white man ; their garments were dyed with his blood ; they departed for their nation's village, and the poor trapper for the beaver among the hills.

My worthy old guide, Kelly, had often seen these medicine lodges. He informed me that many of the votive offerings, before mentioned, are permitted to decay with the lodge in which they are hung; that the penalty to any mortal who should dare appropriate them to his use was death. A certain white man, however, who had been robbed of his blanket at the setting in of winter, came upon one of these sacred lodges, erected by the young Arrapahoes which contained, among other things, a blanket that seemed well calculated to shield him from the cold. He spread it over his shivering frame, and very unadvisedly went into the Arrapahoe village. The Indians knew the sacred deposit, held a council, called the culprit before them, and demanded why he had stolen from the Great Spirit? In exculpation, he stated that he had been robbed; that the Great Spirit saw him naked in the wintry wind; pitied him; showed him the sacred lodge, and bade him take the blanket. "That seems to be well," said the principal chief to his fellow-counsellors. "The Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property;" and the trader was released.

Among the several personages whom I

chanced to meet at Brown's Hole, was an old Snake Indian, who saw Messrs. Lewis and Clark on the head waters of the Missouri in 1805. He is the individual of his tribe, who first saw the explorers' cavalcade. He appears to have been galloping from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonie camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces pale as ashes, had never been seen by himself or nation. "The head rose high and round, the top flat; it jutted over the eyes in a thin rim; their skin was loose and flowing, and of various colours." His fears at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment; but being seen by the whites, they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effects of their fire-arms, loaded him with presents, and let him go. Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, etc. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful

things; but a tale like this they never had heard.

A council was, therefore, assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange words was summoned before it, and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told to others, but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men as pale as ashes." "The Great Spirit made the thunder and the lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any colour that could produce these. He had seen nothing; he had lied to his chief, and should die."

At this stage of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them as pale faces were, it was determined "that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen these strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence against him, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinsfolks." The pale men, the thunder-makers, were found, and were witnesses of

the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honoured and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about eighty years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want.

CHAPTER II.

An Arrival from Fort Hall—An Account from Oregon—Return of two of my companions to the States—A startling Condition—An Indian Guide—A Farewell—How a Horse studies Geology—A Camp—Dog Mutton superseded—A Scene—Sheetskadee—Butes—Desolation—Midnight Scene in the Mountains—Indian Jim and the Buffalo—Hungry Stomachs—A fat Shot—Fine Eye-sight—An old Trapper picked up—Beautiful Desert—" Hos, Hos"—Meek the Bear Killer—A wild Vale—Steamboat Spring—Natural Soda Fountains—Neighbouring Landscape—A hard Drive—Valley of Chasm—Nature's Vase—A heavy March—Passing the Mountains—A charming Gorge—Entrance into Oregon—The South Branch of the Columbia—Fort Hall and its Hospitalities.

17th. An event of great interest occurred this day. It was the arrival of Paul Richardson and three of his companions from Fort Hall. This old Yankee woodsman had been upon one of his favourite summer trips from St. Louis to the borders of Oregon. He had acted as guide and hunter to a party of missionaries to the Oregon In-

dians. Several other persons from the western states had accompanied them: one with the lofty intention of conquering California; and others with the intention of trading, farming, &c., on the lower Columbia; and others to explore the Rocky Mountains, and the wonders of nature along the shores of the Pacific. The events of their tour were freely discussed. They had storms of hail and human wrath. The conqueror of California had been disposed to act the general before he had received his epaulettes; had proved to be so troublesome that he was expelled from camp a short distance from the frontier, and obliged to ride, sleep, and eat, at a comfortable distance from his companions, during the remainder of the journey.

The missionaries, too, Messrs. Monger and Griffith, and their ladies, had had causes of irritability; so that between all the conflicting feelings and opinions of the party, their little camp, it was said, was frequently full of trouble. Oregon also came under discussion. Mr. Richardson had travelled over the territory; knew it well; it was not so productive as New England; fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre was an extraordinary crop; corn and

potatoes did not yield the seed planted ; rain fell incessantly five months of the year ; the remainder was unblessed even with dew ; the Indians and whites residing there had the fever and ague, or bilious fever, the year through ; that what little of human life was left by these causes of destruction, was consumed by musquitoes and fleas ; that the Columbia river was unfit for navigation—fit only for an Indian fish-pond. Such a description of Oregon (the part of the American domain represented by traders, trappers, and travellers, as most delightful, beautiful, and productive) was astonishing, unlooked-for, and discouraging. And did I not recollect that Mr. Richardson had reasons for desiring to increase the strength of his party through the dangerous plains towards the States, I should, after having seen Oregon, be at a loss to divine the purpose of such a representation of it.

18th. Mr. Richardson's description of Oregon had the effect of drawing off two of my companions. They had no evidence to oppose to his account ; he had resided two years in the Territory, and on the knowledge acquired by that means, had represented it to be in no sense a desirable place of abode. They therefore forsook the chase after a

desert, and joined him for the green glades of the valley States. On the morning of the 18th, they left me. It was the most disheartening event which had befallen me on the journey. Oakley and Wood had stood by me in the trials and storms of the plains; had evinced a firmness of purpose equal to every emergency that had occurred, were men on whom reliance could be placed; humane men, always ready to do their duty promptly and cheerfully. It was painful therefore to part with them at a time when their services were most needed. Alone in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a traveller through the range of the Blackfeet war parties, in bad health, no men save poor old Blair, and the worse than useless vagabond Smith, alias Carroll, to aid me in resisting these savages: I felt alone.

I was indeed kindly offered quarters for the winter at Brown's Hole; but if I accepted them, I should find it impossible to return to the States the next year. I determined therefore to reach the Columbia river that season, be the risk and manner what it might. Accordingly I engaged a Snake Indian, whom the whites called "Jim," to pilot me to Fort Hall, the march to commence on the morning of the 19th—distance two

hundred miles, compensation fifty loads of ammunition, and three bunches of beads.

There is in this valley, and in some other parts of the mountains, a fruit called bulberry. It is the most delightful acid in the vegetable kingdom; of the size of the common red currant, with larger seeds than are found in that fruit; colour deep red. It grows upon bushes eight or ten feet high, which in general appearance resemble a young beech tree. Of these berries I obtained a small quantity, had a dog butchered, took a pound or two of dried buffalo meat which Mr. St. Clair kindly gave me, purchased a horse of Mr. Robinson for the use of Blair, and on the morning of the 19th of August left the hospitalities of Fort David Crockett for the dreary waste and starving plains between it and Fort Hall. Blair, Smith, and my guide Jim, constituted my whole force. Numerous war-parties of Blackfeet and Sioux were hovering over my trail. If discovered by them, death was certain; if not, and starvation did not assail us, we might reach the waters of Snake river. At all events the trial was to be made; and at ten o'clock, A.M., we were winding our way up the Sheetskadee.

Of the regrets at leaving this beautiful

little valley, there was no one that I remember more vividly than that of parting with my old guide. Kelly was a man of many excellent qualities. He was brave without ostentation, kind without making you feel an obligation; and preferred on all occasions the happiness of others to his own ease or safety. The river during the twelve miles' travel of the day, appeared to be about one hundred yards wide, a rapid current two feet deep, water limpid. The mountains on either side rose half a mile from the river in dark stratified masses, one thousand feet above the level of the stream. On their sides were a few shrub cedars. The lower hills were covered with the hated wild wormwood and prickly pear. The banks were of white clay, alternated with the loose light coloured sandy soil of the mountain districts. The rocks were quartz, red sand-stone, and lime-stone. Our camp was pitched at night on the high bank of the stream among the bushes; and a supper of stewed dog-meat prepared us for sleep.

20th. At seven o'clock in the morning we had breakfasted and were on our way. We travelled three miles up the east bank of the river, and came to a mountain, through which it broke its way with a noise which indicated the fall to be great, and the

channel to be a deep rugged chasm. Near the place where it leaves the chasm, we turned to the right, and followed up a rough, deep gorge, the distance of five miles, and emerged into a plain. This gorge had been formed by the action of a tributary of Green River, upon the soft red sand stone that formed the precipices around. It winds in the distance of five miles to every point of the compass. Along much of its course also the cliffs hang over the stream in such a manner as to render it impossible to travel the water-side. Hence the necessity, in ascending the gorge, of clambering over immense precipices, along brinks of yawning caverns, on paths twelve or fourteen inches in width, with not a bush to cling to in the event of a false step. And yet our Indian horses were so well used to passes of the kind, that they travelled them without fear or accident till the worst were behind us.

How delusive the past as a test of the future! I was felicitating myself upon our good fortune, as the caravan wound its way slowly over a sharp cliff before me, when the shout from the men in advance, "Well done, Puébla," made me hasten to the top of the ridge. My Puebla mare had left the track. Instead of following a wide,

well-beaten way down the mountain, she in her wisdom had chosen to tread the shelf of a cliff, which, wide at the place where it sprang from the pathway, gradually became narrower, till it was lost in the perpendicular face of the mountain. She was under a high bulky back at the time, and before she had quite explored the nethermost inch of the interesting stratum which she was disposed to trace to its lowest dip, the centre of gravity was suddenly thrown without the base, and over she reeled, and fell ten or twelve feet among broken rocks, then rolled and tumbled six hundred feet more of short perpendicular descents and inclined plains, into the stream below. On descending and examining her, I found her horribly mangled, the blood running from the nostrils, ears, and other parts of the body. As it was apparent she would soon die, I stripped her of her packs and gear, drove her to a plat of grass where she could find food, should she need it, and left her to her fate.

This accident being disposed of, we emerged from this gorge, travelled over barren gravelly plains, dotted with pyramidal hills of the same material, whose

sides were belted with strata of coarse grey sand-stone. About four o'clock, P.M., Jim halted beside a little brook, and pointing ahead, said, "Wat, ugh, u—gh;" by which I understood that the next water on our way was too far distant to be reached that night; and we encamped. The scenery to the west was very beautiful. A hundred rods from our camp, in that direction, rose an apparently perfect pyramid of regular stratified black rocks, about six hundred feet in height, with a basilar diameter of about eight hundred feet, and partially covered with bushes. Beyond it, some five hundred yards, crept away a circling ridge of the same kind of rocks, leaving a beautiful lawn between. And still beyond, sixty miles to the south-west, through a break in the hills that lay in clusters over the intervening country, a portion of the Anahuac range was seen, sweeping away in the direction of the Great Salt Lake.

Jim had turned his horse loose as soon as he saw we were disposed to encamp according to his wishes, and was away with his rifle to the hills. In an instant he was on their heights, creeping stealthily among the bushes and rocks; and the crack of

his rifle, and the tumbling of some kind of game over the cliffs, immediately succeeded. More nimble and sure of step than the mountain goat, he sprang down again from cliff to cliff, reached the plain, and the next moment was in camp, crying "hos, ugh, yes." I sent my horse and brought in his game; a noble buck antelope, of about forty pounds weight. In consequence of this windfall, our dog meat was thrown among the willows for the behoof of the wolves. My guide, poor fellow, had eaten nothing since we left the Fort. His tribe have a superstition of some kind which forbids them the use of such meat. A dog-eater is a term of reproach among them. If one of their number incurs the displeasure of another, he is called "Arrapahoe," the name of the tribe previously described, who fatten these animals for some great annual feast. Jim's creed, however, raised no objections to the flesh of the antelope. He ate enormously, washed himself neatly, combed his long dark hair, pulled out his beard with his right thumb and left fore-finger nails, and "turned in."

21st. Twenty miles to-day. The ride of the forenoon was over plains and hills of coarse gravel, destitute of grass, timber,

or brush, the everywhere present wild wormwood excepted; that of the afternoon was among broken hills, alternately of gravel and brown sand, here and there dotted with a tuft of bunch grass. From some few of the hills protruded strata of beautiful slate. The bottom lands of the river, even, were as barren as Sahara. The only living things seen, were the small prairie wolf, and flocks of magpie. This bird inhabits the most dreary portions of the mountains, and seems to delight in making the parched and silent deserts more lonely by its ominous croak of welcome to its desolate habitation.

The raven indeed was about us, throwing his funeral wing upon the light of the setting sun. In fine, to-day, as often before, I found nothing in nature from which to derive a single pulse of pleasure, save the vastness of desolate wastes, the tombs of the washing of the flood! Towards night, however, we were gratified by finding a few decrepid old cotton-wood trees, on the bank of the Sheetskadee, among which to encamp. Our horses having had little food for the last forty-eight hours, devoured with eager appetite the dry grass along the banks. Since

leaving Brown's Hole, our course had been nearly due north.

22nd. Travelled up Green River about three miles, crossed it three times, and took to the hills on its western side. The course of the river, as far as seen in this valley, is nearly south; the bottom and banks generally of gravel; the face of the country a dry, barren, undulating plain. Our course, after leaving the river, was north-west by north. About two o'clock, we struck Ham's Fork, a tributary of Green River, and encamped near the water-side. This stream probably pours down immense bodies of water when the snow melts upon the neighbouring highlands; for its channel, at the place where we struck it, was half a mile in width, and two hundred feet deep. Very little water is said to run in it during July, August and September. The current was three or four inches in depth, a rod wide, and sluggish. Three butes appeared in the north-east, about twelve o'clock, fifteen miles distant. One of them resembled a vast church, surmounted by a perpendicular shaft of rock, probably three hundred feet in height. The swelling base resembled in colour the sands of this region. The rock shaft was dark, probably basalt.

By the side of this, springing immediately from the plain, rose another shaft of rock, about one hundred and fifty feet high, of regular outline, and about fifteen feet in diameter. Seven or eight miles to the north, rose another bute, a perpendicular shaft, fifty or sixty feet in height, resting upon a base of hills which rise about three hundred feet above the plain. Beyond these butes, to the east, the country seemed to be an open plain. To the south of them extends a range of dark mountains, reaching far into the dimly-discerned neighbourhood of Long's Peak. The whole circle of vision presented no other means of life for man or beast than a few small patches of dry grass, and the water of the stream. Many of the sandy bluffs were covered with the prickly pear and wild wormwood. Generally, however, nothing green, nothing but the burnt, unproductive waste appeared, which no art of man can reclaim. Yet far in the north, the snowy peaks of Wind River Mountains, and to the south-west, a portion of the Anahuac ridge indicated that it might be possible to find along the borders of this great grave of vegetation, green vales and purling brooks to alleviate the desolation of the scene.

We travelled fifteen miles to-day, and

encamped upon the bank of the stream; cooked supper, and wrapping ourselves in our blankets, with saddles for pillows, and curtained by the starry firmament, slept sweetly among the overhanging willows. Near midnight, the light of the moon aroused me. It was a lovely night. The stars seemed smaller than they do in less elevated situations, but not less beautiful. For, although they are not so brilliant, they burn steadily, brightly on the hours of night in these magnificent wastes. It was midnight. The wolves are correct time-keepers.

I had scarcely viewed the delightful scene around me, when these sleepless sentinels of the deserts raised their midnight howl. It rung along the chambers of the mountains, was, at intervals, taken up by kennel after kennel, till, in the deep and distant vales, it yielded again to the all-pervading silence of night. This is one of the habits that instinct has taught their race. As soon as the first light of morning appears in the east, they raise a *reveille* howl in the prairies of the Western States which, keeping company with the hours, swells along the vast plains from Texas to the sources of the Mississippi, and from Missouri to the depths of the Rocky Mountains. All day

they lurk in silence. At midnight, another howl awakens the sleeping wilderness—more horrible and prolonged; and it is remarkable with what exactness they hit the hour.

23d. We were up this morning before the light; and while the sun rose in the Great Gap, mounted our jaded horses for the day's ride. As we moved onward upon the elevated bluffs which border the river, the light of the morning showed the butes clearly on the eastern horizon. Jim paid little regard to the course of the stream today; but struck a bee line for some object, unseen by us, across the hills—at times among wild wormwood, at others among sharp, flinty stones, so thickly laid over the ground that none but an Indian horse would travel over them. We occasionally approached the stream, and were gratified with the appearance of a few solitary old cotton-wood trees on its banks. A poor, stinted shrub willow, too, made great effort here and there to prolong existence, but with little success. Even in one little nook, the wild rose, currant, and bulberry bushes had the effrontery to bear leaves.

About four o'clock, P.M., small patches of dry grass were seen in the ravines. On one

of these were five buffalo; but they proved to us more delightful to the sight than to any other sense, since I was unable to induce my guide to halt and hunt them. This apparently unpardonable stubbornness was afterward explained. He had the only animal which could run fast enough to approach them—he alone could ride him—and having lost his right thumb, protested that he could not discharge his piece from a running horse. But having no interpreter with us to render his furious protestations intelligible, I attributed his unwillingness to lay in a supply of good meat here to mere malicious indifference. At five o'clock, we came upon a plat of excellent grass, around a clump of yellow pines. Near this, weary and hungry, we made our camp for the night; ate the half of the meat in our possession—a mere mite—and gorged ourselves with wild currants, which grew plentifully among the pines, until the darkness bade us cease. Course as yesterday: the butes out of sight during the afternoon. We supposed we had travelled twenty miles; weather exceedingly warm.

24th. Rode on a fast trot till about three o'clock, P.M. Made about twenty-five miles. Our route lay over sandy and grav-

elly swells, and the bottom lands of Ham's Fork; the latter, like the former, were well nigh destitute of vegetation. When about to encamp, we had the excellent fortune to espy an antelope on a bluff hard by. He fell before the well levelled rifle of our one-thumbed guide. A fat one he was too; just such an one as the imaginations of our hungry stomachs had all the day been figuring to themselves would afford a pleasant variety in the matter of starvation. The circle of vision, the last day or two, had been very much circumscribed by the increasing size of the undulating bluffs, among which our way usually ran. And from their tops, whenever we chanced to go over them, neither the Wind River Mountains nor the Anahuac range were visible. In all directions, to the limit of sight, rolled away the dead, leafless, thirsty swells. Wolves and ravens live among them; but whence they derive subsistence is a difficult problem even for themselves to solve. Their howlings and croakings evidently came from famished mouths.

25th. Fifteen miles to-day along the river; course as on the 24th, N.W. by W., among the bluffs that border the stream; or if that were tortuous, we travelled from bend

to bend, over the table lands on either side. In the valley of the stream, small groves of young and thrifty cotton-wood trees, currant bushes, and the black alder, gave us hopes of soon seeing the grasses and flowers, and the cool springs of the highlands, between us and the Great Beaver River. The day, however, was sultry; scarcely a breath of wind moved; the dust that rose from our track lay on the air as the smoke of a village does on a still May morning. So that these occasional appearances of vegetable life imparted less pleasure than they would have done if we had been able to see them through another medium than the dripping mud, manufactured from dust and perspiration.

Near mid-day, we crossed the river from its northern to its southern side, and were emerging from the bushes which entangled our egress, when Jim, uttering a shrill whoop, pointing to a solitary horseman urging his horse up the bluff a half mile below us. Beckoning him to us, we dismounted to allow our jaded animals to feed until he should arrive. In the style of a true mountaineer, he dashed up to us on a rapid gallop, greeting us with as hearty a shake of the hand as he could have bestowed

upon a brother, and asked our names and destination; said his name was "Midison Gordon, an independent trapper, that he was bound to Brown's Hole for his squaw and 'possibles,' and was glad to see us," in less time than is usually employed in saying half as much; and accepting an invitation to encamp with us, he continued to express his pleasure at seeing us, till our attention was diverted from him by a halt for the night.

These remnants of the great trapping parties of the American Fur Company, commonly make Brown's Hole their winter quarters. Indeed, I believe the owners of that post to be old trappers of the Company, who, having lost all their relish for former habits of life, by a long residence in the mountains, have established themselves there in order to bring around them, not only the means of subsistence according to their tastes, but their merry old companions with their tales, jests, and songs, and honest and brave hearts. Gordon, like all other trappers whom I saw in the mountains, was convinced that there were so few beaver, so little meat, and so many dangers among them, that "a white man had no business there." He, therefore, was going for his

squaw and "possibles," preparatory to descending the Columbia to open a farm in the valley of the Willamette. He said that was also the intention of nearly all his fellow-trappers. They proposed to take with them their Indian wives and children, settle in one neighbourhood, and cultivate the earth, or hunt, as inclination or necessity might suggest, and thus pass the evening of their days among the wild pleasures of that delightful wilderness.

26th. Course north-west; distance twenty miles; sometimes on the banks of the river, and again over the swells, to avoid its windings. The country through which we passed to-day, was in some respects more interesting than any we had seen since leaving Brown's Hole. Instead of plateaux, baked and flinty, or hills of loose unproductive loam and sand, shorn by perpetual drought of flower, shrub, and tree, a journey of twenty miles over which would hardly cross grass enough to feed a dozen horses a single day, the slopes of a thousand spherical hills, as green as the fields of the States in May, sent forth the sweet fragrance of teeming vegetation; little streams ran away among the black, white, and orange pebbles; and the dandelion,

anemone, and other flowers rejoiced in the spring-day breezes which crept over them. It was May indeed here. The snow had lately disappeared, and the rains had still later been falling, as they do in April in other places. The insects were piping the note of an opening year.

It was the dividing ridge between the tributaries of the Sheetskadee and Great Bear River; and yet not a ridge. When viewed from its highest points, it appeared an elevated plateau of slightly conical swells, so raised above the vast deserts on the east of it, as to attract the moisture of the clouds. The soil of this region is, however, poor,—not sufficient to bear timber. The grasses grow rankly over most of its surface; and those parts which are barren are covered with red or white sand, that contrasts beautifully with the matted green of other portions. In a word, it was one of those places among the mountains where all is pure. There the air is dense—the water cold—the vegetation fresh; there the snow lies nine months of the year, and when it eventually melts before the warm suns of June and July, the earth is clothed with vegetation almost in a day. About sunset, we descended a sharp declivity of broken

rocks, and encamped on a small stream running north. My indefatigable Jim Shoshonie killed an antelope for our suppers. An unexpected favour this; for, from the representations given me of this part of my route, I expected to commence here a long-consuming fast, which would not be broken till I reached Fort Hall, or my grave.

27th. Our last night's encampment proved to have been on a branch of the Great Bear River—the principal, if not the only feeder of the Great Salt Lake. We started down along its verdant little valley about seven o'clock in the morning, and reached the main river about twelve at noon. It was twenty yards wide—water two feet deep, and transparent, current four miles per hour, bottom of brown sand and gravel. After feeding our animals, we descended the river till four o'clock, and halted on its banks for the night. We had travelled thirty miles. The mountains which hemmed in the valley were generally of a conical form, primitive, and often verdant. Their height varied from five hundred to two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the stream. The bottom lands were from one to three miles wide, of a

loose, dry, gravelly soil, covered with withered bunch grass. By the water side grew various kinds of trees, as quaking-asp, black birch, and willows; also shrubs of various kinds, as the black alder, small willow, wild wormwood, black currant, and service berry. In the ravines of the mountains, groves of trees sometimes appeared peering up luxuriantly among the black projecting cliffs.

28th. An early rising, a hurried meal, and a rapid saddling and packing of horses, started us from camp at six o'clock. While girding our saddle animals, the last act done in breaking up camp in mountain life, Jim's eagle eye discerned in the distance down the river, " hos, hos." Indian like, for we had become such in our habits, we put new caps on our rifles, mounted quickly, and circled out behind a barricade of brushwood, in order to ascertain the number, colour, and purpose of such unceremonious intruders upon the territories of our solitude. Jim peered through the leaves with the utmost intensity of an Indian's vision. It was the place for war-parties of the Crows, Sioux, and Blackfeet; and this early appearance of individuals approaching our camp was a circumstance that scented strongly of bows

and arrows. But suspense became certainty, a pleasant certainty, as Jim reined his horse from concealment, and galloped away to the stranger, now within rifle-shot of us.

A strong and warm shake of the hand, and various contortions of the face, and uncouth gestures of recognition between them, completed their interview, and the swarthy old trapper approached myself and men. He was no less a personage than the bear-killer, Meek, who figures in the St. Louis Museum, with the paws of an immense grisly bear upon his shoulders in front, the fingers and thumb of his left hand bitten off, while with his right hand he holds the hunter's knife, plunged deeply in the animal's jugular vein. He accosted me with, "Good morning, how are ye?—stranger in the mountains, eh?" And before I could make a monosyllabic reply, he continued, "Have you any meat? Come, I've got the shoulder of a goat, (antelope); let us go back to your camp, and cook, and eat, and talk awhile." We were harnessed for the day's ride, and felt unwilling to lose the cool hours of the morning, and much more so to consume the generous man's last pound of meat. Thanking him,

therefore, for his honest kindness, we satisfied him with our refusal, by the assurance that we had meat, and had already breakfasted. On hearing that we were travelling to the Columbia river, he informed us that we might probably go down with the Nez Percés Indians, who, he stated, were encamped at the time on Salmon river, one day's journey from Fort Hall. He was on his way to Brown's Hole for his squaw and "possibles," with the design of joining their camp. These Indians would leave their hunting grounds for their homes about ten days from that date.

This was another remnant of the American Fur Company's trapping parties. He came to the mountains many years ago, and has so long associated with Indians that his manners much resemble theirs. The same wild, unsettled, watchful expression of the eye, the same unnatural gesticulation in conversation, the same unwillingness to use words when a sign, a contortion of the face or body, or movement of the hand will manifest thought; in standing, walking, riding, in all but complexion, he was an Indian. Bidding us good morning, and wheeling away to the day's ride, he said, "Keep your eye shining for the Blackfeet.

They are about the 'Beer Springs'; and stay, my white horse tired, one camp down the river; was obliged to '*cache*' my pack and leave him; use him if you can, and take him on to the Fort; and look here, I have told you I am Meek, the bear-killer, and so I am. But I think the boys at the museum in St. Louis might have done me up as it really was. The beast only jumped on my back, and stripped off my blanket; scratched some, but didn't pull my shoulder blade off. Well, after he had robbed me of my blanket, I shoved my rifle against him, and blew out his heart. That's all—no fingers bitten off, no knifing; I merely drove a little lead into his palpitator."

So saying, he spurred his weary animal to a trot, and was soon hidden among the underbrush of the intervales. Meek was evidently very poor. He had scarcely clothing enough to cover his body; and while talking with us, the frosty winds which sucked up the valley, made him shiver like an aspen leaf. He reverted to his destitute situation, and complained of the injustice of his former employers, the little remuneration he had received for the toils and dangers he had endured on their account, &c., a complaint which I had

heard from every trapper whom I had met on my journey. The valley opened wider as we pursued our way along its northern side; the soil, the water, and vegetation much the same in quantity and quality as those which we had passed on the 27th. The mountains on either hand spread into rocky precipitous ridges, piled confusedly one above another in dark threatening masses. Among them hung, in beautiful wildness from the crevices of the cliffs, numerous shrub cedars.

The mountain flax was very abundant and ripe. The root resembled that of perennial plants, the fibres that of the annual bluebowl of the States, the flower the same, the seed vessel the same; but the seeds themselves were much smaller, and of a very dark brown colour. This valley is the grain-field and root-garden of the Shoshonie Indians; for there grow in it a number of kinds of edible roots, which they dig in August, and dry for winter use. There is also here a kind of grass, bearing a seed of half the size of the common rye, and similar in form. This they also gather, and parch and store away in leather sacks, for the season of want. These Indians had been gathering in their roots, &c., a few

days previous to our arrival. I was informed, however, that the crop was barely sufficient to subsist them while harvesting it. But, in order to prevent their enemies from finding whatever might have escaped their own search, they had burned over large sections of the most productive part. This day's ride was estimated at thirty miles. Our camp at night was in a dense copse of black alders by the water-side. Ate our last meat for supper—no prospect of getting more until we should arrive at Fort Hall, four days' ride.

29th. Up with the sun and on march. After an hour's ride, we came upon Meek's white horse. He came to us on as fast a gallop, and with as noisy a neighing as if Zimmerman had never dipt his quill in solitude, and wrote the laws for destroying nature, for nature's good. Jim now put spur to his noble animal, with the regularity of the march of the tread-mill. And, by way of apology for his haste, pointed to the ground, and laying his head on one shoulder, and snoring, said, "u—gh, ugh," which being interpreted, meant that our next snoring place was a very, very long day's journey away. And one acquainted with Indian firmness, would have read in

his countenance, while making this communication, a determination to reach it before night-fall, whatever might be the consequences. And so we did. At sunset our camp kettle was bubbling over the bones of a pelican at the "Steamboat spring." The part of the valley seen to-day was generally covered with a stout coat of bunch grass. This, and other indications, led me to suppose it fertile. Yet it appeared questionable if it would yield the ordinary fruits of agriculture without being irrigated.

I noticed, however, during the day's ride, a number of points at which the waters of the river might be conducted over very large tracts of excellent soil. The scarcity of fencing timber appeared an obstacle, certainly; but other than this, there seemed to me no considerable cause of doubt that the valley of the Great Bear River will, in the course of time, become one of the most prosperous abodes of cultivated life. Its situation, so remote from either ocean, only increases our expectation of such an event, when it is recollected that the most practicable waggon route between the States and Oregon Territory and the Californias, runs through it.

The north end of the Great Salt Lake is

thirty miles from our present encampment, and the mountains on the borders of the valley are more abrupt and craggy, the water of the stream more abundant, and the soil more productive, than in the part already described. A number of creeks also entering the main stream from the East, open up among the black heights a number of lesser and charming vales; and around the union of the river with the Lake are excellent water, soil and timber, under skies of perpetual spring. Of the Lake itself I heard much from different individuals who had visited different portions of its coast.

The substance of their statements, in which they all agree, is that it is about two hundred miles long, eighty or one hundred wide; the water exceedingly heavy; and so salt, say they in their simple way, that pieces of wood dipped in it and dried in the sun are thickly frosted with pure white salt; that its coasts are generally composed of swells of sand and barren brown loam, on which sufficient moisture does not fall to sustain any other vegetation than the wild wormwood and prickly pear; that all attempts to go round it in canoes have, after a day or two of trial, been aban-

doned for want of fresh water; that the Great Bear River is the only considerable stream putting into it; that high land is seen near the centre of it;—but whether this be an island or a long peninsula there was a difference of opinion among my informants. The valleys of the Great Bear River and its tributaries, as well as the northern portion of the Lake, are supposed to be within the territory of the States.

The immediate neighbourhood of our encampment is one of the most remarkable in the Rocky Mountains. The facts that the trail to Oregon and California will for ever of necessity, pass within three hundred yards of the place where our camp fire is burning; that near this spot must be erected a resting-place for the long lines of caravans between the harbours of the Pacific and the waters of the Missouri, would of themselves interest all who are witnessing the irresistible movements of civilization upon the American continent. But this spot has other objects of interest: its Geology and its Mineralogy, and I might well say the Chemistry of it, (for there are laboratories and gases here in the greatest profusion), will hereafter occupy the attention of the lovers of these sciences. The Soda Springs, called

by the fur traders Beer Springs, are the most remarkable objects of the kind within my knowledge. They are situated on the north-west side of the river, a few rods below a grove of shrub cedars, and about two hundred yards from the shore. There are six groups of them; or in other words, there are six small hollows sunken about two feet below the ground around, of circular form, seven or eight feet in diameter, in which are a number of fountains sending up large quantities of gas and water, and emitting a noise resembling the boiling of immense cauldrons. These pools are usually clear, with a gravelly bottom. In some of them, however, grow bogs or hassocks of coarse grass, among which are many little wells, where the water bubbled so merrily that I was tempted to drink at one of them. But as I proceeded to do so, the suffocating properties of the gas instantly drove me from my purpose. After this rebuff, however, I made another attempt at a more open fountain, and drank with little difficulty.

The waters appeared to be more highly impregnated with soda and acid than those of Sarotoga; were extremely pleasant to the taste, and fumed from the

stomach like the soda water of the shops. Some of them threw off at least four gallons of gas a second. And although they cast up large masses of water continually, for which there appeared no outlet, yet at different times of observation I could perceive no increase or diminution of the quantity visible. There are five or six other springs in the bank of the river just below, the waters of which resemble those I have described. One of them discharges about forty gallons a minute.

One fourth of a mile down stream from the Soda Spring, is what is called "The Steamboat Spring." The orifice from which it casts its water is in the face of a perpendicular rock on the brink of the stream, which seems to have been formed by the depositions of the fountain. It is eight inches in diameter. Six feet from this, and on the horizontal plane of the rock, is another orifice in the cavern below. On approaching the spring, a deep gurgling, hissing sound is heard underground. It appears to be produced by the generating of gas in a cavernous receiver. This, when the chamber is filled, bursts through another cavern filled with water, which it thrusts frothing and foaming into the stream. In

passing the smaller orifice, the pent gas escapes with very much the same sound as steam makes in the escape-pipe of a steamboat. Hence the name. The periods of discharge are very irregular. At times, they occur once in two, at others, once in three, four or five minutes. The force of its action also is subject to great variation. Those who have been there, often say that its noise has been heard to echo far among the hills. When I visited it I could not hear it at the distance of two hundred yards. There is also said to be a difference at different times in the temperature of the water. When I examined it, it was a little above blood heat. Others have seen it much higher.

The most remarkable phenomenon connected with these springs, remains yet to be noticed. The whole river, from the Steamboat spring to the Soda Springs, (a distance of more than a fourth of a mile), is a sheet of springs, thousands in number, which bursting through two feet of superincumbent running water, throw their foaming jets, some six inches, and some less, above the surface. The water is much the same in its constituent qualities, as that of the Soda springs.

There are in the immediate vicinity of the Steamboat Spring, and on the opposite side of the river numerous rocks with orifices in their centres, and other evidences of having been formed by intermittent springs that have long ago ceased to act.

The scenery around these wonderful fountains, is very wild. To the east north-east, opens up the upper valley of Great Bear River, walled in on either side by dark primitive mountains, beetling over the vale, and towering on the sky. To the south south-west sweeps away the lower valley.—On either side of it rise lofty mountains of naked rocks, the wild sublimity of which contrasts strikingly with the sweet beauty of the stream and vale below.

Although statements in regard to what shall transpire in the future, are always a work more befitting a seer than a journalist, yet I cannot forbear expressing the belief that the healthiness and beauty of their locality—the magnificence of the scenery on the best routes to them from the States and from the Pacific, the manifest superiority of these waters over any others, will cause "The Soda Springs" to be thronged with the gay and fashionable of both sides of the continent.

30th. Our sleep had been interrupted at midnight by the blazing fires of an Indian encampment on a neighbouring hill. And once awakened by such a cause, the tracks of a war party, probably of Blackfeet, which we had crossed during the day, were sufficient to put us on duty the remainder of the night. At early dawn, we saddled and moved in silence a few hundred yards down the river, turned to the right around the Bute in the rear of the Steamboat spring, entered the "Valley of chasms," and soon brought the mountains on its northern border, between us and our suspicious neighbours.

This valley derives its name from the numerous cracks or chasms in the volcanic rocks on which it rests. They are so wide and deep that the natives, for many miles at the lower part of it, have been obliged to run their trail over the lower swells of the hills on its north-western side. Up this trail Jim rode on a brisk trot, beckoning us, in an ominous manner to follow, and keep in a body near him. The "cut rock" and scoriæ lay every where, and crippled the poor animals at almost every step. Onward he led us, with all the speed which the severest inflictions of spur and whip could

produce, till the shutting in of night deposited us among the willows on the stream of the valley, forty miles from our last night's encampment. The rapidity of our travelling to-day, allowed me little time to examine this singular valley. I noticed merely that it was, like the intervales of Bear River, covered with bunch-grass, which the thirsty suns of summer had dried to hay. A curious gas spring also attracted my attention about nine o'clock. in the morning. Its bubbling and its beautiful reservoir appeared to arouse the admiration even of my dogged guide Jim: he halted to look at it. Jim, for the first time since I had had the honour of his acquaintance, absolutely stopped to look at, and admire a portion of the earth. It was a fine specimen of Nature's masonry. The basin was about six feet in diameter; the bottom a circular horizontal plane; around the edge rose a rim or flanche, eight inches in height; all one solid rock. In the centre of the bottom arose the gas and water: the latter was six inches deep, limpid, and slightly acid. This fountain was situated a few rods to the right of the trail.

31st. We took to our saddles, and in three hours reached the foot of the moun-

tains which divide the "Valley of chasms" from Snake River. There is a wide depression through the heights here of so gentle a declination, that loaded waggons can pass from one valley to the other without difficulty. Up this we turned. It was covered with green grass and shrubs and trees, among which a little brook was whispering to the solitude.

The small birds, too, were chirping among the bright flowers and bending boughs; and on either hand, as if to guard so much loveliness from the winds of surrounding desolation, the black crags rose and frowned one thousand five hundred feet in air. But hunger!! Every bud was fed; every bird had its nourishment; the lizards even were not starving. We were. When about half way up the gorge, one of Smith's horses tired and refused to go farther. The fellow's wound, received in the plains, had healed; and with strength from time to time, his petty tyranny towards his animals increased till being entirely recovered, he seemed to have resumed a degree of malignity towards them whenever they did not chance to comprehend his wishes, or were unable to comply with them, that would be incredible if described. In this case, he

cut a strong goad; and following the slow steps of the worn-out animal, struck her lengthwise over the almost denuded ribs as frequently and as long as he had strength to do it; and then would rest and strike again with renewed vengeance, until his beast dropped her head and received his blows without a movement. Remonstrance, and the astonished gazing of my savage guide, only increased his severity. And thus he continued to beat the poor animal, till, being convinced against his will, that he even could not make a dying horse heed his command, he bestowed upon her a farewell kick and curse and left her.

About four o'clock we stood on the high ground which divides the waters of the little brook which we had followed up, from a small head stream of Portneuf. The valley of the great southern branch of the Columbia, was spread out before us. Slaking our thirst at a cool spring, we travelled five miles down the mountain, and encamped in sight of the Trois Butes. When we halted, I was two much exhausted with hunger and fatigue to unsaddle my horse. We had been on short allowance most of the time since leaving Fort David Crockett. The day on which we arrived at the Soda Springs, I ate

the eighth part of a pelican; the two last, past days, nothing. But I suffered less from the gnawings of hunger than I had on the previous night. A deadly stupor pervaded the gastric and nervous systems; a sluggish action of the heart, a dimness of vision and painful prostration of every energy of life were creeping upon me. After a little rest, however, I crept to the bushes, and after a long search, found two red rose-buds! These I gladly ate, and went to my couch to dream of feasts.

The 1st of September was a fine day. The sun was bright and unclouded, as he came in his strength over the eastern mountains, and awakened us from our slumbers among the alders on the bank of Portneuf. Hunger, indeed, was still gnawing at our vitals. But sleep had banished weariness, and added something to the small stock of our remaining strength; and the recollection of past perils—perils of floods, of tempests, of Indian foes—death threatened at every step during a journey of three months in the plains and mountains—the inspiring view of the vale of the great southern branch of the Columbia, so long promised us in hope along our weary way—the fact that we were in Oregon, unmoored the mind from

its anxieties, and shed over us a gladness which can only be comprehended by those who, having suffered as we had, have viewed as we did, from some bright height, their sufferings ended, in the rich, ripe possession of the objects so ardently sought. We were in Oregon. Fort Hall lay in the plain before us. Its hospitalities would be enjoyed ere sunset. Our wardrobes were overhauled, our razors put on duty, our sun-burnt frames bathed in the Portneuf; and equipped in our best, our hearts beat joyfully back the rapid clattering of our horses' hoofs on the pavements of the mountains, as we rushed to the plains. An hour among the sands and wild wormwood, an hour among the oozing springs, and green grass around them, an hour along the banks of Saptin River, and we passed a line of timber springing at right angles into the plain; and before us rose the white battlements of Fort Hall!

As we emerged from this wood, Jim intimated that we should discharge our rifles; and as we did so, a single armed horseman issued from the gate of the Fort, approached us warily, and skulking among the copses, scanned us in the most inquisitive manner. Having satisfied himself at

last that our skins were originally intended to be white, he came alongside; and learning that we were from the States; that we had no hostile intentions; that we knew Mr. Walker to be in the Fort, and would be glad to have our compliments conveyed to him, he returned; and Mr. Walker immediately appeared. A friendly salutation was followed by an invitation to enter the Fort; and a "welcome to Fort Hall," was given in a manner so kind and obliging, that nothing seemed wanting to make us feel that we were at home. A generous flagon of Old Jamaica, wheaten bread, and butter newly churned, and buffalo tongues fresh from the neighbouring mountains, made their appearance as soon as we had rid ourselves of the equipage and dust of journeying, and allayed the dreadful sense of starvation.

CHAPTER III.

The Rocky Mountains and their Spurs—Geography of the Mountain Region — Wyeth — The Outset — The Beaver Catcher's Bride — Trois Butes — Addition from a Monastery — Orisons — A Merry Mountain Trapper — Root Diggers — Enormous Springs—Volcanic Hearths and Chasms—Carbo—An old Chief—A Bluff—Boisais River—Incident of Trade —The Bonaks—The Dead Wail—Fort Boisais, its Salmon, Butter and Hearty Cheer—Mons. Payette—Curiosity—Departure—Passing the Blue Mountains —The Grandeur of them—Their Forests, Flowers, and Torrents—Descent of the Mountains—Plain, a Christian Crane—Arrival at Dr. Whitman's Mission —Wallawalla—People — Farm — Mill — Learning — Religion—Mr. Ermitinger —Blair—Nez Percés — Racing — Indian Horse Training — Sabbath and its joys in the Wilderness.

It will not be uninteresting while pausing here, and making preparations to descend Snake, Lewis, or Saptin river, to lead my readers back over that portion of my journey which lay among the mountains. I do not design to retrace my steps here, however, in order again to attempt a description of sufferings which can never be described. They are past; and let their remembrance

die. But a succinct account of the region lying west of the Anahuac ridge, and between latitudes 39° and 42° north — its mountains, its plains, its rivers, &c., will, I persuade myself, be new, and not without interest to the reader.

James' Peak, Pike's Peak, and Long's Peak, may be called the outposts of a lofty range of rocky mountains, which, for convenience in description, I have called Long's Range, extending nearly due north from the Arkansas, in latitude 39°, to the Great Gap in latitude 42° north.

The range is unconnected with any other. It is separated from the Wind River Mountains by the Great Gap or Great Southern Pass, and from the Great Anahuac Range by the upper valleys of the Arkansas, those of the South Fork of the Platte, and those of the Green and Grand rivers. Two spurs spring off from it to the west: the one from James' Peak, the other from Long's Peak. These spurs, as they proceed westward, dip lower and lower till they terminate—the first in the rough cliffs around the upper waters of the Arkansas, and the latter in spherical sand-hills around the lower waters of Grand river. The Anahuac Mountains were seen from about latitude 39° to

42° north. This range lies about two hundred miles west of Long's Range, and between latitude 39 and 40°, has a general course of north north-west. It appeared an unbroken ridge of ice and snow, rising in some points, I think, more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. From latitude 41° it tends to the north-west by west, past the north-eastern shore of the Great Salt Lake to the northern end of it; and thence westwardly to a point south of Portneuf, where it unites with the range of the Snowy Mountains.

The Snowy Mountains are a transverse range or spur of the Rocky Mountains, which run from the Wind River Mountains, latitude 42° north, in nearly a right line to Cape Mendocino, latitude 40°, in Upper California. Many portions of this range, east as well as west of Fort Hall, are very lofty, and covered with perpetual snow. About one hundred miles from the coast of the Pacific it intersects that range of snowy peaks called the President's Range, which comes down from Puget's sound, and terminates in the arid plains about the mouth of the Colorado of the West.

The Wind River Mountains are a spur which shoots from the great northern chain, commonly called the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 42° and odd minutes north; and running in a south-easterly direction into the Great Prairie Wilderness, forms the northern wall of the Great Gap or Great Southern Pass.

On the northern side of the Wind River Peaks, are the sources of Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin rivers; on the south-eastern side rises the Sweetwater, the north-westernmost branch of the North Fork of the Great Platte; on the southern side the Sheetskadee or Green river, the northern branch of the Colorado of the West; on the north-western side and north of the Snowy Mountains, spring down the Saptin, Snake, or Lewis river, the great southern branch of the Columbia.

On the western side of Long's Range, rises the Grand river, the principal branch of the Colorado of the West. It furnishes four times the quantity of water that Green river does. Further south, in the vicinity of James' Peak, and on the west side of this range, rises the South Fork of the Great Platte.

Close under the eastern base of the Ana-

huac or Great Main Ridge, and nearly in latitude 39½° north, are the sources of the Arkansas.

The immense parallelogram lying within these ranges of mountains, may be described by saying that it is a desert of arid plains and minor mountains. And if this general appellation be qualified by the accounts given on previous pages of Boyou Salade, Old Park, &c. very small portions of the whole area, the description will be complete.

Fort Hall was built by Captain Wyeth, of Boston in 1832, for the purposes of trade with the Indians in its vicinity. He had taken goods into the lower part of the Territory, to exchange for salmon. But competition soon drove him from his fisheries to this remote spot, where he hoped to be permitted to purchase furs of the Indians without being molested by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose nearest post was seven hundred miles away.

In this he was disappointed. In pursuance of the avowed doctrine of that company, that no others have a right to trade in furs west of the Rocky Mountains, whilst the use of capital and their incomparable skill and perseverance can prevent it, they established a fort near him, preceded him,

followed him, surrounded him every where, and cut the throat of his prosperity with such kindness, and politeness, that Wyeth was induced to sell his whole interest; existent and prospective, in Oregon, to his generous but too indefatigable, skilful, and powerful antagonists.

From what I saw and heard of Wyeth's management in Oregon, I was impressed with the belief that he was, beyond comparison, the most talented business-man from the States that ever established himself in the Territory.

The business of this post consists in exchanging blankets, ammunition, guns, tobacco, &c., with the neighbouring Indians, for the skins of the beaver and land otter; and in furnishing white men with traps, horses, saddles, bridles, provisions, &c., to enable them to hunt these animals for the benefit and sole use of the owners, the Hudson's Bay Company. In such cases the horses are borrowed without price; the other articles of the "outfit" sold on credit till the termination of the hunt; and the only security which the Company requires for the return of their animals, is the pledge of honour to that effect, and that the furs taken shall be appropriated at a stipulated price to the payment of arrears.

Goods are sold at this establishment fifty per cent lower than at the American posts. White trappers are paid a higher price for their furs than is paid the Indians; are charged less for the goods which they receive in exchange; and are treated in every respect by this shrewd Company with such uniform justice, that the American trappers even are fast leaving the service of their countrymen, for the larger profits and better treatment of British employment. There is also a company of men connected with this Fort, under the command of an American mountaineer, who, following various tribes in their migratory expeditions in the adjacent American and Mexican domain, collect whatever furs may chance to be among them.

By these means, and various others subsidiary to them, the gentlemen in charge of this trading establishment, collected, in the summer of 1839, more than thirty packs of the best beaver of the mountains.

We spent the 2d and 3d most agreeably with Mr. Walker, in his hospitable adobie castle; exchanged with him our wearied horses for fresh ones; and obtained dried buffalo meat, sugar, cocoa, tea, and corn meal, a guide, and every other necessary within that gen-

tleman's power to furnish for our journey to Wallawalla. And at ten o'clock, A. M., of the 4th of September, we bade adieu to our very obliging countryman, and took to our saddles on the trail down the desert banks of the Saptin. As we left the Fort, we passed over the ground of an affray, which originated in love and terminated in death. Yes, love on the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains! and love of a white man for an Indian dame!

It appeared that a certain white trapper had taken to himself a certain bronze damsel of the wilderness to be his slave-wife, with all the solemn ceremonies of purchase and payment for the same in sundry horses, dogs, and loads of ammunition, as required by the custom in such affairs governing; and that by his business of trapping for beaver, &c., he was, soon after the banns were proclaimed, separated from his beloved one, for the term of three months and upwards, much against his tender inclination and interest, as the following showeth: for during the terms of his said absence, another white man, with intent to injure, &c., spoke certain tender words unto the said trapper's slave-wife, which had the

effect to alienate from him the purchased and rightfully possessed affections of his slave-spouse, in favour of her seducer. In this said condition did the beaver-catcher find his bride when he came in from the hunt. He loaded his rifle, and killed the robber of his heart. The grave of the victim is there—a warning to all who would trifle with the vested rights of an American trapper in the love of an Indian beauty.

We made about ten miles, and halted for the night. Our guide displayed himself a five feet nine inch stout Wallawalla. He had been in the service of the Hudson Bay Company many years, and was consequently assiduous and dutiful. Yes, consequently so; for neither Indian nor white man is long in their service without learning his place, and becoming active and faithful in doing his duty. As soon as we entered camp, our pack-horses were stripped of their burdens, and turned loose to feed; wood was gathered, and a fire blazing under the kettles, and "all out door" immediately rendered as comfortable to us, as skies spangled with stars, and earth strewn with snowy sand could be made. Wallawalla was a jolly oddity of a mortal. The frontal region of his head had been pressed in in-

fancy most aristocratically into the form of the German idiots; his eyes were forced out upon the corners of the head; his nose hugged the face closely like a bunch of affectionate leeches; hair black as a raven, and flowing over a pair of herculean shoulders; and feet——but who can describe that which has not its like under the skies. Such was Carbo, our Palinurus over the burnt plains of Snake River.

The short ride of the day had shown us the western limit of the partial fertility about Fort Hall. The earth had begun to be red, burnt, and barren; grass, sparse and dry; the shrubs and cotton-woods stinted and shrivelled.

The plain of the Trois Butes is situated between the Snowy mountain range on the south, and another ridge which, diverging from it above the sources of the Saptin River, follows that stream down to the Blue Mountains near Wallawalla. This plain by experiment is found to be eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the vicinity of the post, there is an abundance of grass for the subsistence of many thousands of animals. The soil, in various parts of it, also appears well adapted to the cultivation of the small grains and esculent roots. But

the fact that frosts occur almost every month of the year, shows the extent to which the arable sections can be rendered available for such purposes.

The Trois Butes rise on the plain fifteen or twenty miles east of the Fort. They are pyramidal peaks, probably of volcanic origin, of two thousand feet in height above the plain, and twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Around their dark bases grow evergreen trees; from their sides burst small brooks, rendering verdant strips of the plain which radiate beautifully in all directions from them; and over all, during most of the year, hang their crests of glittering snows! East of the Butes, vegetation continually decreases till it ceases in the black crags which embosom the head streams of the river.

On the 5th, travelled thirty miles down the western bank of the river; soil sandy and volcanic, bearing wild wormwood—in fact a desert; crossed a number of small streams putting into the Saptin; on these a little bunch of grass, and a few alders and willows, tried to grow. Whilst baiting at noon, we were agreeably surprised with an addition to our company, of a young Swiss trapper, eight years in the mountains; he

learned the silversmith business when in youth; afterwards entered a monastery and studied Latin, &c., for the order of Priests; ran away from the monastery, entered the French army, deserted, and came to America; sickened, was visited by a Roman priest who had been a classmate with him at the monastery; and having had a more numerous family than was required by the canons of his order, had fled to America, where his orisons would not be disturbed by the cries of infants. On entering our trapper's chamber they mutually recognized each other; and horror immediately seized the pious priest at the recollection of the trapper's sinfulness; and particularly the sin of forsaking the holy places of the mother church; of taking carnal weapons in hands that had been employed in making crosses in the sacred precincts of the cloister. The trapper had contracted the dangerous habit of thinking for himself, and replied to the godly man in a sharp and retaliatory manner; and among other things drew a very ungracious comparison between escaping from prayers and chants, and flying from an unlawful family.

This reference to former delinquencies in

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a country to which he had fled to escape the remembrance of them, aroused the holy indignation of the priest to such an extent, that he immediately consigned the witness of his fault to worms, and his soul to an apprenticeship at fire eating in purgatory. Our trapper had become a heretic. In the blindness of his heart he had forgotten that the power to save and destroy the soul of man, had been committed to an order of men chosen, and set apart as the repositories of that portion of Omnipotence; and that whatever errors of conduct may occur in the life of these men, the efficiency of the anathematizing and saving commission is not thereby annulled; and he rose from his bed and hurled at the priest sundry counter anathemas in the form of chairs, and shovel and tongs. I could perceive in him no returning belief in the Omnipotent key of the "Roman Catholic apostolical mother Church." Instead of saying his prayers, and counting the beads of his rosary, he talked of the stirring scenes of a trapper's life, and recounted the wild adventures of the mountains; instead of the sublime Te Deum, he sang the thrilling martial airs of his native land; instead of

the crosier, he bore the faithful rifle; instead of the robes of sacred office, he wore the fringed deer skin frock of the children of the wilderness. He was a trapper—a merry mountain trapper.

6th. Twenty-five miles to-day; face of the country, black, hard and barren swells; encamped on a small tributary of the Saptin; very little grass for the animals; found here a family of the Root Digger Indians; the man half clad, children naked, all filthy. She was clad in a wrapper of mountain sheep skin.

7th. Twenty miles. About mid-day heard a loud roaring of waters; descended the chasm of the river and discovered two enormous springs bursting from the basaltic cliffs of the opposite shore. Their roaring was heard three miles. The lower one discharged water enough to turn the machinery of twenty ordinary manufactories. The water foamed and rushed down inclined planes of rocks the distance of two hundred feet. The country, an undulating, barren, volcanic plain; near the river cut into bluffs; lava every where; wild wormwood and another shrub two feet in height, bearing a yellow blosom, the only wood seen; encamped on a small stream about three miles

from the river. Found here the only grass which I had observed during the day..

8th. Still on the western bank of the Saptin; river one-fourth of a mile wide; water extremely clear; current five miles the hour; depth of water about four feet. On the eastern side, the soil appeared a dark mass of imbedded fused rock, stretching in broken undulations to the distant highlands. In that direction twenty miles lay a range of mountains like an irregular line of darkness on the horizon. Every thing touched by our horses' feet claimed a volcano for its birth-place. Thirty miles to-day.

9th. Face of the country the same as that passed over on the 8th— scarcely grass enough to feed our animals, and that dried to hay. The mountains on the west side of the river gradually nearing it. No timber since we left the immediate vicinity of Fort Hall. We cooked our food with the willow bushes which the Indians had killed and rendered dry for such purposes. All the rocks more or less fused; many large tracts of lava; a number of clear little brooks bubbling over the cinders of this great hearth of Nature's fire. Made forty miles.

10th. Fifteen miles over "cut rock" and wormwood deserts; and at mid-day de-

scended about six hundred feet in the chasm of the Saptin, and travelled along the brink of the river a short distance; crossed at a place called "The Islands," to the eastern shore.

The river has been dipping deeper in the plain the last three days. A bird's eye view of it for sixty miles above the Islands would present a tortuous chasm, walled by basalt, trap, &c., and sunk along the centre of the valley, from one hundred to eight hundred feet deep, a black chasm, destitute of timber and other evidences of fertility, from a quarter to half a mile in width. In the centre of the bottom rushes the Saptin; over rocks and gravel a clear, pure, strong stream, with a current of five miles to the hour; water three and four feet in depth. Travelled seven or eight miles from the ford and fell in with eight or ten springs of limpid water, bubbling through the flinty crust of the plain. The sun was pouring upon us his fiercest rays, and our thirst was excessive. A halting, dismounting and rushing to the water, the application of our giant's lips to the liquid—a paralysis of his thirst produced by the boiling hot sensation which it imparted to his swearing apparatus, prepared us to resume our ride. Hot springs,

boiling hot—no apparent mineral properties.

11th. Travelled to-day thirty-five miles over an irregular, rough, unseemly desert; volcanic stones strewn every where on a black, impenetrable, baked surface; soil too poor to bear the wormwood—trail too far east to see the river. At ten o'clock, met a petty chief of the Snake Root Diggers and his son on horseback, from Boisais river. He was dressed in a blanket coat, deer skin pants, and moccasins garnished with cut glass beads and strips of red flannel; the boy entirely naked. Carbo learned from him the situation of his tribe, and a few bits of Indian scandal ascertained that we could reach Boisais river the next day, and that we could probably obtain fresh horses there. His copper-coloured highness then left us to pursue his way to Fort Hall, to get his guns repaired, and we continued ours to the lower Columbia, to get out of this grave of desolation. I had not seen an acre of land since leaving Fort Hall, capable of producing the grains or vegetables. Encamped on a small brook running westwardly towards the Saptin.

12th. On route at six o'clock in the morning; horses weary, and getting crippled

pitifully on the "cut rock;" face of the country absolute sterility; our trail near the mountains, about two hundred miles east of the Saptin. At nine o'clock, came to the bluff overlooking Boisais river. Here the valley is sunken six or seven hundred feet; the whole of it below, to the limit of sight, appears to have subsided nearly to a level with the waters of the Saptin. Lines of timber ran along the Boisais, and plats of green grass and shrubs dotted its banks. The mountains, whence the river came, rose in dark stratified ridges. Where the stream escaped from them, there was an immense chasm, with perpendicular sides, which seemed to open into their most distant bases. Horrid crags beetled over its dismal depths. Lofty, rocky ridges extended far into the north. In the west and northwest towered the Blue Mountains.

We descended the bluff, followed down the Boisais three or four miles, and crossed the river into an encampment of Snake fishermen. They were employed in laying in their winter store of salmon. Many horses were feeding on the plain. We turned ours loose also for a bite of the fresh

grass, while we bought fish, &c., and made other arrangements to improve digestion and our speed in travelling. Our business was transacted as follows:—For one large fish-hook we bought one salmon; for one paper of vermillion, six bunches of spawn; for one butcher-knife, one leathern fish rope. Carbo exchanged horses; disposed of one worth five shillings for one worth three, and gave a blanket and ten loads of ammunition to boot. He was vastly pleased with his bargain, and endeavoured to show himself so, by trying to grin like a white man; but he was not skilled in the science of manufacturing laughter, and made a deplorable failure of it. One of my own horses, whose feet were worn and tender, was exchanged with like profit to the shrewd jockeys.

These Indians are more filthy than the Hottentots. Both sexes were nearly naked. Their shelters were made with rush mats wrapped around cones of poles.

Having finished our trading, we travelled about ten miles down the stream, and encamped upon its bank. The plains were well covered with grass; many portions seemed susceptible of cultivation. The bed of

the river presented the usual characteristics of a mountain torrent; broad, shallow, with extensive bars of coarse gravel crossing the channel in all directions. The water limpid, and its quantity might be expressed by saying that the average depth was six inches, width ten yards, rate of current three miles an hour. In the month of June, however, it is said to bring from its maternal mountains immense floods.

13th. A breakfast of boiled spawn, and on trail at sunrise; travelled rapidly down the grassy intervales of Boisais; passed many small groves of timber. Many Indians employed in drying salmon, nearly naked, and dirty and miserable, ran after us for tobacco, and to drive a bargain for horses. All Indians have a mania for barter. They will trade for good or evil to themselves, at every opportunity. Here they beset us on every side. And if at any moment we began to felicitate ourselves on having at last escaped from their annoying petitions for "shmoke" and "hos," the next moment the air would resound with whips and hoofs, and "shmoke, shmoke," "hos," from half a dozen new applicants, more troublesome than their predecessors. No Jew, with old clothes and a pinch-beck watch to sell, ever

pressed customers with more assiduity than did these savages. But when we had travelled about thirty miles from our night camp, they all suddenly disappeared; and neither hut nor Shoshonie was seen more. They dare not pass the boundary between themselves and the Bonaks.

Soon after being relieved from these pests, our guide, Carbo, intimated that it would be according to the rules of etiquette in that country for him to leave us, unacquainted though we were with the right trail among the ten thousand that crossed the country in every direction, and proceed to Fort Boïsais, to make the important announcement that four white faces were approaching the post. I remonstrated; but remonstrance was mere air in comparison with the importance of doing his duty in the most approved style; and away he shot, like an arrow from the bows of his tribe, over hillock and through the streams and copses, till lost from view. It was about four o'clock. The trails were so numerous, that we found it useless to continue on any of them. For if we selected any single one, that one branched into many every half mile. Thus we deemed it best to 'take our course,' as the

mariner would say, and disregard them altogether. In following this determination, we crossed the Boisais again and again; floundered in quagmires, and dodged along among whipping boughs and underbrush; and, when unimpeded by such obstacles, pelted the dusty plain with as sturdy a trot as ever echoed there, till the sun went down, and his twilight had left the sky. No Fort yet! nor had we yet seen the Saptin. We halted, held a council, and determined to "hold our course" westward; listened—heard nothing but the muttering Boisais, and travelled on. In half an hour, came to us a frightful, mournful yell, which brought us to an instantaneous halt. We were within fifty yards of the Bonak Indians, and were discovered!

This tribe is fierce, warlike, and athletic, inhabiting the banks of that part of Saptin, or Snake River, which lies between the mouth of Boisais, or Reed's River, and the Blue Mountains. They make war upon the Blackfeet and Crows; and for that purpose often cross the mountains, through a gap between the track of Lewis and Clarke and the 'Great Gap.' By these wars, their number has been much reduced. They are said to speak a language peculiar to them-

selves; and are regarded by the whites as a treacherous and dangerous race. We had approached so near their camp, that whatever might be their disposition toward us, it was impossible to retreat. Darkness concealed the surrounding country, and hid the river and the trails. We could not escape without their permission and aid.

Our young Swiss trapper was the very man to grapple the dilemma. He bribed their good will and their safe conduct to the Fort. Five or six of them quickly seized horses, and, mounting without saddle or bridle, led the way. While these things were being done, horrid wails came from their huts among the bushes; and those who were with us responded to them. The only word uttered was one, which sounded like 'yap.' This they spoke at first in a low, plaintive key, and slowly; and then, on a higher note and rapidly, as if under stronger emotions of grief; and then fell away again to the low plaint of desponding sorrow. I noticed, as we rode along, that the tails of many of their horses were shorn of the hair in the most uncouth manner. The manes also were miserably haggled. The men who rode them wept, and at intervals wailed.

I was afterwards informed that their tribe

was mourning the death of some of their number who had lately died; and that it is a custom with them and other western tribes, on the death of friends, in war or by disease, for all the surviving relatives to shear the manes and tails of their horses to the skin—kill all the animals of the deceased—pile all his personal property around his burial-place, and mourn, in the manner I have described, for several days. Their camp was eight miles south of Fort Boisais.

We rode the distance in three quarters of an hour. Other Bonak horsemen joined us along the way. Each one, as he overtook us, uttered the wail; and then one and another took it up and bore it along the scattered line of the cavalcade. It was not very dark—but it was night, and all its air was filled with these expressions of savage grief. Tears flowed, and sobs arrested oftentimes the wail half spoken. The sympathy of the poor creatures for each other appeared very sincere, and afforded strong inducement to doubt the correctness of the usually received opinion that the American Indians possess little of the social affections. They certainly manifested enough on this occasion to render the hour I passed with them more oppressively painful than I hope ever again to experience.

Mr. Payette, the person in charge at Boisais, received us with every mark of kindness; gave our horses to the care of his servants, and introduced us immediately to the chairs, table and edibles of his apartments. He is a French Canadian; has been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company more than twenty years, and holds the rank of clerk; is a merry, fat old gentleman of fifty, who, although in the wilderness all the best years of his life, has retained that manner of benevolence in trifles, in his mode of address, of seating you and serving you at table, of directing your attention continually to some little matter of interest, of making you speak the French language '*parfaitement*' whether you are able to do so or not, so strikingly agreeable in that mercurial people. The 14th and 15th were spent very pleasantly with this gentleman. During that time he feasted us with excellent bread, and butter made from an American cow, obtained from some of the missionaries; with baked, boiled, fried and broiled salmon—and, at my request, with some of his adventures in the wilderness.

Fort Boisais was established in 1832, as the post whence to oppose Wyeth's operations at Fort Hall. From it, the Hudson's Bay Company sent their trading parties over

the country south, in advance and rear and around every movement of Wyeth. And by using liberally the fund laid by annually for that purpose, they undersold the American till he was forced from the country.

On the part of the Hudson's Bay Company, I see nothing strange or unmanly in this conduct, if looked at as a business transaction. People having equal rights in trade, assume necessarily the relative positions which their skill and capital can command. This is the position of Americans and Britons in Oregon. By a pusillanimous policy on the part of the American Government, we have given British subjects an equal right with our own citizens to trade in all that part of the Public Domain lying west of the Rocky Mountains. In the exercise of the rights thus granted, the Hudson's Bay Company employ their incomparable ingenuity and immense wealth in driving every American trader from the coasts of the North Pacific. And who is to be blamed for this? The Government of the United States, that has, through want of wisdom or firmness or justice, permitted these important rights of its citizens to be monopolized by foreign capitalists for the last thirty years.

This fort stands on the eastern bank of

the Saptin, eight miles north of the mouth of Boisais or Reed's river. It consists of a parallelogram about one hundred feet square, surrounded by a stockade of poles about fifteen feet in height. It was entered on the west side. Across the area north and south runs the principal building. It is constructed of logs, and contains a large dining room, a sleeping apartment and kitchen. On the north side of the area, in front of this, is the store; on the south side the dwellings of the servants; back of the main building, an out-door oven; and in the north-east corner of the stockade is the bastion. This was Fort Boisais in 1839. Mons. Payette was erecting a neat adobie wall around it. He expected soon to be able to tear away the old stockade, and before this has doubtless done so.

Among the curiosities of this establishment were the fore wheels, axletree and thills of a one-horse waggon, said to have been run by the American missionaries from the State of Connecticut through the mountains thus far toward the mouth of the Columbia. It was left here under the belief that it could not be taken through the Blue Mountains. But fortunately for the next that shall attempt to cross the conti-

nent, a safe and easy passage has lately been discovered by which vehicles of the kind may be drawn through to Wallawalla.

At ten o'clock on the 16th we found ourselves sufficiently rested to recommence our journey. Our packs and ourselves were sent across the Saptin in a canoe; and our horses having swam it, and having been packed and saddled firmly for a rapid march, and a '*bon jour*' having been returned by Mons. Payette, with the additional kind wish of a '*bon voyage*' to us, over the mountains, we left the old gentleman to his solitary dominion.

He usually collects, during the twelvemonth, twelve or fifteen packs of beaver, and employs himself in the salmon season in curing large quantities of that fish for the supply of other posts. Our course was down the west bank of the river. The soil was sand and clay mixed in nearly equal proportions. Its composition is such as to render it fruitful; but the absence of dews and rains forbids the expectation that it will ever be so. Vegetation, bunch-grass and wild wormwood. Travelled fifteen miles and encamped near a small bute, at the foot of which ran a little tributary of the Saptin. From the south bank of this

stream near our camp burst a great number of hot springs. Water impregnated with sulphur: temperature at the boiling point.

17th. Soil as on the track of the 16th, save that the hills became higher and more gravelly. In the afternoon, crossed a brook putting into the Saptin. At mid-day, touched the Saptin, and left it again for the hills. Mid-afternoon, struck another small stream, and followed up its valley till night. Estimated our day's journey at thirty miles.

18th. The hills higher and more rocky; those in the distance to the west and north-west partially covered with pines and cedars. Immediately around our track, the hills were clothed with dry bunch grass. Some of them had been burnt by the Indians. Many beautiful little valleys were seen among the highlands. Black birch, rose, and willow shrubs, and quaking-asp trees on the banks of the little brooks. Encamped under the cliffs of a bute. The moon was in the first quarter. Its cold beams harmonized well with the chilling winds of the mountains. The atmosphere all the day smoky, as in Indian summer-time in the highlands of New England. Estimated distance travelled, twenty-five miles.

19th. Forenoon, over gently rising conical hills, clothed with bunch grass ; soil in the valleys sand and clay. Cooked dinner at L'Arbor Seul, a lonely pine in an extensive plain. Encamped at night on a stream coming from the Blue Mountains, in the north-west. Distance to-day, thirty miles.

20th. Track up the valley in which we encamped the preceding night, over gently undulating hills ; high broken mountains on either side. About twelve o'clock, came to a very steep descent, a mile in length. The upper part of it was so precipitous that the animals with packs were obliged to make a zigzag track of a mile, to descend the half that distance ; the lower part was less precipitous, but covered with loose volcanic rocks. Among these the horses plunged and bruised themselves badly ; but fortunately none were seriously injured. Some rich soil in the valleys ; heavy groves of yellow pine, spruce, and hemlock ; quaking-asp on the streams, and in the ravines. From high swells, over which ran the trail, we saw an extensive valley, deeply sunken among the lofty mountains in the north-east. It appeared to be thickly coated with grass, some portions dry, others green. The

meadow lark made its appearance to-day. Toward night, we came again into the valley which we had entered at mid-day, and encamped under a majestic yellow pine: Freezing breezes swept down from the woody mountain around us, and made our fire, blazing high under the dark groaning boughs, extremely agreeable. Travelled twenty-five miles.

21st. A day of severe travelling. In the forenoon, the trail ran over a series of mountains swelling one above another in long and gentle ascents, covered with noble forests of yellow pine, fir, and hemlock. Among these were frequent glades of rich pasture land; grass green, and numerous brooks of pure water leaping from the cliffs, or murmuring among the shrubbery. The snow-ball, the wax plant, the yellow and black currant—a species of whortleberry—the service berry—choke cherry—the elder—the shrub maple—and all the beautiful flowers that gem a mountain landscape during its short summer, clothed the ground. At twelve o'clock, we entered a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran a brook of sweet clear water; we dined on its bank. A dish of rich cocoa, mush, and sugar, and dried buffalo tongue, on the

fresh grass, by a cool rivulet on the wild mountains of Oregon! Nature stretched her bare and mighty arms around us! The mountains hid the lower sky, and walled out the lower world! We looked upon the beautiful heights of the Blue Mountains, and ate among its spring blossoms, its singing pines, and holy battlements, ten thousand feet above the seas.

In the afternoon, we continued to ascend; vast rolls lifted themselves over one another, in a northerly direction, higher and higher, till in the distance their tops mingled with the blue of the sky. We followed this grassy ridge till near four o'clock, when we commenced descending. A mile over slowly declining hills, and then the descent became frightful. It appeared to stand 45° to the plane of the horizon. The horses, when they turned at the angles of the zigzag trail; often found the greatest difficulty to keep on their feet. Two miles of such descent, of bracing with might and main, deposited us in a ravine of great depth, hung far and near with cliffs and abrupt earthy borders, partially covered with pines. At the bottom a brook running in a northerly direction, struggled and roared among the fallen rocks. We

made our way with much difficulty down its banks a short distance, crossed it, and proceeding in a north-westerly direction to another stream flowing eastward, encamped among the pines. These valleys were filled with cold winds, which rushed through them in irregular gusts, chilling every thing they touched. We set fire to large piles of dry pine logs in camp, spread our couches, and wayworn as men ever were, ensconced ourselves in them for repose. Carbo did not retire; but went whistling about among the horses; untied his wallet of provisions, and ate a second time, punched the fire, and looked at the eastern sky with evident interest. The vales below had been set on fire by Indians; and I more than half supposed that he expected to see some of his tribe at our quarters. But my supposition was groundless.

As soon as the moon peeped over the eastern heights, he roused me to hear in broken French that our horses had nothing to eat in the place where they were; and that we, being rested, must climb the mountain to find food for them. No proposition, and the facts brought to urge its adoption, could have been more unfortunately reasonable and true—at that parti-

cular time. My first impulse was to order him to his couch; but a hungry whinney from my roan pony, browsing near me, awakened me fully to the propriety of the measure proposed. I, therefore, summoned my weary limbs and bruised and ulcered feet, to their best efforts, and at twelve o'clock at night we were on march.

For some time we led our animals through the tangled wood, and then along a steep gravelly side of the chasm, where the foothold slipped at every step; awhile among rolling stones so thickly strewn upon the ground, that the horses touched it only when their weight drove their feet down between them; and then, awhile we seemed to hang on the cliffs, and pause between advancing and following the laws of gravitation to the bed of the torrent that battled its way in the caverns far below; and in the desperation of a last effort, climbed the bank to a place of safety. At length we arrived at a large indentation in the face of the mountain, up the encircling rim of which, the trail for half a mile was of comparatively easy ascent. At the end of this distance, another difficulty was superadded to all we had yet experienced.

The steeps were covered to the depth of

several feet with "cut rock"—dark shining cubes from one to three inches in diameter, with sharp corners and edges. It was well nigh impossible to force our horses on them. The most obedient one, however, was at length led and scourged upon them; and by repeating the same inflictions, the remainder were finally induced to follow. All walked except Smith. His horse was "a d—d brute, and was made to carry him or die."

The poor animals would slip, and gather, and cripple; and when unable longer to endure the cutting stone under their feet, would suddenly drop on their knee; but the pain caused by that position would soon force them to rise again, and struggle up the ascent. An half hour of such travelling conducted us over this stony surface to the smooth grassy swells, the surface of which was pleasant to the lacerated feet of our horses. The green grass grew thickly all around. The moon poured her bright beams through the frosty air on the slumbering heights; in the deep pine-clad vales dimly burned the Indian fires; from mountain to mountain sounded the deep bass of a thousand cascades.

We encamped in a grove of pines which

crowned the mountain, at three o'clock in the morning.

2nd. We saddled early, and ascending for two hours a line of gentle grassy elevations, came to the beginning of the north-western declivities of the Blue Mountains. The trail ran down the ravines of small brooks flowing northwest, and occasionally over high swells which stretched down the plain that lies about the south-western branches of the Wallawalla River: we halted to dine. In the afternoon we struck off north-westerly over the rolling plain. The soil in the depressions was a light and loose compound of sand and clay, and thinly covered with bunch grass. The swells were of gravel, and generally barren; trees on the brooks only, and these few, small and of little value.

About three o'clock we came into the camp of a middle-aged Skyuse Indian, who was on his onward march from the buffalo hunt in the mountain valleys east and north-east of Fort Hall. He was a spare man of five feet eight inches, dressed in a green camlet frock-coat, a black vest, striped cotton shirt, leather pants, moccasins, and a white felt hat. There were two children, boys, neatly clad in deerskin. His

camp equipage was very comfortable—four or five camp-kettles with tin covers, a number of pails with covers, a leathern tent, and an assortment of fine buffalo robes. He had had a very successful hunt. Of the seventeen horses in his caravan, six were loaded with the best flesh of the buffalo cow, cured in the best manner; two others bore his tent, utensils, clothing, robes, &c.; four others were ridden by himself and family; the five remaining were used to relieve those that, from time to time, might tire. These were splendid animals, as large as the best horses of the States, well knit, deep and wide at the shoulders; a broad loin, and very small lower limbs and feet; of extreme activity and capacity for endurance.

Learning that this Indian was proceeding to Dr. Whitman's mission establishment, where a considerable number of his tribe had pitched their tents for the approaching winter, I determined to leave the cavalcade and accompany him there. My guide Carbo, therefore, having explained my intentions to my new acquaintance, departed with the remainder of his charge for Fort Wallawalla. Crickie, (in English "poor crane,") was a very kind man.

Immediately after the departure of Carbo and company, he turned my worn-out animals loose, and loaded my packs upon his own, gave me a splendid saddle-horse to ride, and intimated by significant gestures that we would go a short distance that afternoon, in order to arrive at the mission early the next day. I gave my assent, and we were soon on the way. Our course was north-easterly over sharp swells, among which ran many clear and beautiful brooks; soil gravel, loam, sand and clay, and well covered with dry bunch grass, incapable of producing the grains without irrigation. The swells and streams run northwesterly from the Blue Mountains. Our course was diagonally across them.

Having made about ten miles at sunset, we encamped for the night. I noticed, during the drive, a degree of forbearance towards each other, in this family of savages which I had never before observed in that race. When we halted for the night the two boys were behind. They had been frolicking with their horses, and as the darkness came on, lost the trail. It was a half-hour before they made their appearance, and during this time, the worthy parents exhibited the most affectionate soli-

citude for them. One of them was but three years old, and was lashed to the horse he rode; the other only seven years of age. Young pilots in the wilderness at night! But the elder, true to the sagacity of his race, had taken his course, and struck the brook on which we had encamped, within three hundred yards of us. The pride of the parents at this feat, and their ardent attachment to their children, were perceptible in the pleasure with which they received them at their evening fire, and heard the relation of their childish adventure.

The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were beat, and buffalo robes spread over them. Underneath were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and the evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and one to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God! A wandering savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus

Christ! After the prayer, he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife.

While eating, the frequent repetition of the words Jehovah and Jesus Christ, in the most reverential manner, led me to suppose they were conversing on religious topics; and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile, the exceeding weariness of a long day's travel admonished me to seek rest.

I had slumbered, I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Tallis's Chant came to these solitudes from earth or sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious habits of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Percés language. Having finished it, they all knelt and bowed their faces upon the buffalo robes, and Crickie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn and retired. This was the first breathing of religious feelings that I had seen since leaving the States. A pleasant evidence that the Oregon wilderness was beginning to bear the rose of Sha-

ron on its thousand hills, and that on the barren soil of the Skyuse heart was beginning to bud and blossom and ripen the golden fruits of faith in Jehovah, and hope in an after-state.

23rd. We were on our way before the sun rose. The dawn on an Oregon sky, the rich blue embankment of mountains over which the great day-star raised his glowing rim, the blandness of the air, the lively ambling of the caravan towards the neighbouring abode of my countrymen, imparted to my mind and body a most agreeable exhilaration. Crickie, and his wife and children also, appeared to enjoy the atmosphere and scenery of their native valley; and we went on together merrily over the swelling plains and murmuring streams till about eight o'clock, when Crickie spurred his horse in advance of the cavalcade, and motioned me to follow him.

We rode very rapidly for about three hours over a country gently undulating, well set with bunch grass, and intersected with small streams flowing north-west. The dust had risen in dark clouds during our ride, and rendered it necessary to bathe before presenting ourselves at the mission. We therefore halted on the bank of a little brook

overhung with willows, and proceeded to make our toilet. Crickie's paraphernalia was ample for the purpose, and showed that among his other excellencies, cleanliness held a prominent place. A small mirror, pocket-comb, soap and a towel, were immediately produced; and the dust was taken from his person and wardrobe with a nicety that would have satisfied a town exquisite.

A ride of five miles afterward brought us in sight of the groves around the mission. The plains far and near were dry and brown. Every form of vegetation was dead save the forest trees, whose roots drank deeply of the waters of the stream. We crossed the river, passed the Indian encampment hard by, and were at the gate of the mission fields in presence of Dr. Whitman. He was speaking Skyuse at the top of his voice to some lazy Indians who were driving their cattle from his garden, and giving orders to others to yoke their oxen, get the axes, and go into the forest for the lower sleepers of the new mission house. Mr. Hall, printer at the Sandwich Islands, soon appeared in working dress, with an axe on his shoulder; next came Mr. Monger, pulling the pine shavings from his foreplane. All seemed desirous to

ask me how long a balloon line had been running between the States and the Pacific, by which single individuals crossed the continent. The oxen, however, were yoked, and axes glistening in the sun, and there was no time to spend, if they would return from their labour before nightfall. So that the whence and wherefore of my sudden appearance among them, were left for an after explanation. The doctor introduced me to his excellent lady, and departed to his labour.

The afternoon was spent in listless rest from the toils of my journey. At sunset, however, I strolled out and took a bird's-eye view of the plantation and plain of the Wallawalla. The old mission-house stands on the north-east bank of the river, about four rods from the water-side, at the north-east corner of an enclosure containing about two hundred and fifty acres; two hundred of which are under good cultivation. The soil is a thin stratum of clay, mixed with sand and a small proportion of vegetable mould, resting on a base of coarse gravel. Through this gravel, water from the Wallawalla filtrates, and by capillary attraction is raised to the roots of vegetation in the incumbent earth. The products are wheat,

Indian corn, onions, turnips, ruta baga, water, musk and nutmeg melons, squashes, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, peas, &c., in the garden—all of good quality, and abundant crops.

The Wallawalla is a pretty stream. Its channel is paved with gravel and sand, and about three rods in width; water two feet deep, running five or six miles the hour, and limpid and cool through the year. A hundred yards below the house, it makes a beautiful bend to the south west for a short distance, and then resumes its general direction of north-west by north, along the border of the plantation. On the opposite bank is a line of timber and underwood, interlaced with flowering brambles. Other small groves occur above and below along the banks.

The plain about the waters of this river is about thirty miles square. A great part of this surface is more or less covered with bunch grass. The branches of the river are distributed over it in such manner that most of it can be grazed. But, from what came under my own observation, and the information received from respectable American citizens, who had examined it more minutely than I had time to do, I sup-

pose there to be scarcely two thousand acres of this vast extent of surface, which can ever be made available for the purposes of cultivation. The absence of rains and dews in the season of crops, and the impossibility of irrigating much of it on account of the height of the general surface above the streams, will afford sufficient reasons for entertaining this opinion.

The doctor returned near night with his timber, one elm and a number of quaking-asp sticks; and appeared gratified that he had been able to find the requisite number of sufficient size to support his floor. Tea came on, and passed away in earnest conversation about native land and friends left there—of the pleasure they derived from their present occupation—and the trials that befel them while commencing the mission and afterwards.

Among the latter, was mentioned the drowning of their child in the Wallawalla the year before, a little girl two years old. She fell into the river at the place where they took water for family use. The mother was in the house, the father a short distance away on the premises. The alarm was conveyed to them almost instantly, and they and others rushed to the stream, and sought

for their child with frantic eagerness. But the strong heavy current had carried it down and lodged it in a clump of bushes under the bank on which they stood. They passed the spot where it lay, but found it too late. Thus these devoted people were bereft, in the most afflicting manner, of their only child—left alone in the wilderness.

The morning of the 24th opened in the loveliest hues of the sky. Still none of the beauty of the harvest field—none of the fragrance of the ripened fruits of autumn were there. The wild horses were frolicking on the plains; but the plains smoked with dust and dearth. The green woods and the streams sent up their harmonies with the breeze; but it was like a dirge over the remains of the departed glories of the year. And yet when the smoking vegetables, the hissing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly-churned golden butter graced the breakfast table, and the happy countenances of countrymen and countrywomen shone around, I could with difficulty believe myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native land, in all its features. But during breakfast, this pleasant illusion was dispelled by one of the causes which induced it.

Our steak was of horse-flesh! On such meat this poor family subsist most of the time. They do not complain. It enables them to exist to do the Indian good, and thus satisfies them. But can it satisfy those who give money for the support of missionaries, that the allowance made by their agents for the support of those who abandon parents and freedom and home, and surrender not only themselves to the mercy of the savages, but their offspring also, should be so meagre, as to compel them to eat horse-flesh! This necessity existed in 1839, at the mission on the Wallawalla, and I doubt not exists in 1843.

The breakfast being over, the doctor invited me to a stroll over his premises. The garden was first examined; its location, on the curving bank of the Wallawalla; the apple trees, growing thriftily on its western border; the beautiful tomato and other vegetables, burdening the grounds. Next to the fields. The doctor's views of the soil, and its mode of receiving moisture from the river, were such as I have previously expressed. "For," said he, "in those places where you perceive the stratum of gravel to be raised so as to interrupt the capillary attraction of the superincumbent earth, the

crop failed." Then to the new house. The adobie walls had been erected a year. These were about forty feet by twenty, and one and a half stories high. The interior area consisted of two parlours of the ordinary size, separated by an adobie portion. The outer door opened into one of them; and from this a door in the partition led to the other. Above were to be sleeping apartments. To the main building was attached another of equal height designed for a kitchen, with chambers above for servants. Mr. Monger and a Sandwich Islander were laying the floors, making the doors, &c.

The lumber used was a very superior quality of yellow pine plank, which Dr. Whitman had cut with a whip saw among the blue mountains, fifteen miles distant. Next to the "caral." A fine yoke of oxen, two cows, an American bull, and the beginning of a stock of hogs were thereabout. And last to the grist-mill on the other side of the river. It consisted of a spherical wrought iron burr four or five inches in diameter, surrounded by a counterburred surface of the same material. The spherical burr was permanently attached to the shaft of a horizontal water-wheel. The surrounding burred surface was firmly fastened to

timbers, in such a position that when the water-wheel was put in motion, the operation of the mill was similar to that of a coffee-mill. It was a crazy thing, but for it the doctor was grateful.

It would, with the help of himself and an Indian, grind enough in a day to feed his family a week, and that was better than to beat it with a pestle and mortar. It appeared to me quite remarkable that the doctor could have made so many improvements since the year 1834. But the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character, and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labours of the school, are, perhaps, circumstances which will render possibility probable, that in five years one man without funds for such purposes, without other aid in that business than that of a fellow missionary at short intervals, should fence, plough, build, plant an orchard, and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness; learn an Indian language and do the duties, meanwhile, of a physician to the associate stations on the Clear Water and Spokan.

In the afternoon, Dr. Whitman and his

lady assembled the Indians for instruction in reading. Forty or fifty children between the ages of seven and eighteen, and several other people gathered on the shady side of the new mission-house at the ringing of a hand-bell, and seated themselves in an orderly manner on wooden benches. The doctor then wrote monosyllables, words, and instructive sentences in the Nez Percés language, on a large black-board suspended on the wall, and proceeded first to teach the nature and power of the letters in representing the simple sounds of the language, and then the construction of words and their uses in forming sentences expressive of thought. The sentences written during these operations were at last read, syllable by syllable, and word after word, and explained until the sentiments contained in them were comprehended ; and it was delightful to notice the undisguised avidity with which these people would devour a new idea. It seemed to produce a thrill of delight that kindled up the countenance and animated the whole frame. A hymn in the Nez Percés language, learned by rote from their teachers, was then sung, and the exercises closed with prayer by Dr. Whitman in the same tongue.

25th. I was awakened at early dawn by the merry sounds of clapping boards, the hammer, the axe and the plane; the sweet melodies of the parent of virtue, at this cradle of civilization. When I rose every thing was in motion. Dr. Whitman's little herd was lowing in the river; the wild horses were neighing at the morning breeze; the birds were caroling in the groves. I said, every thing was alive. Nay, not so. The Skyuse village was in the deepest slumber, save a few solitary individuals who were stalking with slow and stately tread up a neighbouring bute, to descry the retreat of their animals. Their conical skin lodges dotted the valley above the mission, and imparted to the morning landscape a peculiar wildness. As the sun rose, the inmates began to emerge from them.

It was a chilly hour; and their buffalo robes were drawn over their shoulders, with the hair next the body. The snow-white flesh side was fringed with the dark fur that crept in sight around the edges, and their own long black glistening tresses fell over it far down the back. The children were out in all the buoyancy of young life, shouting to the prancing steed, or betting gravel stones that the arrows upon their little

bows would be the first to clip the sturdy thistle head upon which they were waging mimic war. The women were busy at their fires, weaving mats from the flag; or sewing moccasins, leggings, or hunting shirts. Crickie was giving meat to his friends, who the past winter had fed him, and taken care of him, while lying sick.

This is the imperial tribe of Oregon. They formerly claimed a prescriptive right to exercise jurisdiction over the country down the Columbia to its mouth; and up the North and South Forks to their sources. In the reign of the late high Chief, the brother of him who now holds that station, this claim was acceded to by all the tribes within those districts. But that talented and brave man left at his death but one son, who, after receiving a thorough education at the Selkirk settlement on Red River of Lake Winnepeg, also died — and with him the imperial dignity of the Skyuse tribe.

The person in charge at Fort Wallawalla, indeed dressed the present incumbent in better style than his fellows; proclaimed him high chief, and by treating him with the formality usually tendered to his deceased brother, has obtained for him the

name, but not the respect and influence belonging to the office. He is a man of considerable mental power, but has none of the fire and energy attributed to his predecessor. The Wallawallas and Upper Chinooks are the only tribes that continue to recognise the Skyuse supremacy.

The Skyuse are also a tribe of merchants. Before the establishment of Forts Hall and Boisais, they were in the habit of rendezvousing at "La Grande Rounde," an extensive valley in the Blue Mountains, with the Shoshonies and other Indians from the Saptin, and exchanging with them their horses for furs, buffalo robes, skin tents, &c. But since the building of these posts, that portion of their trade is nearly destroyed. In the winter season, a band of them usually descends to the Dalles, barters with the Chinooks for salmon, and holds councils over that mean and miserable band to ascertain their misdemeanors, and punish them therefore by whipping. The Wallawallas, however, are their most numerous and profitable customers. They may well be termed the fishermen of the Skyuse camp. They live on both banks of the Columbia, from the Blue Mountains to the Dalles, and employ themselves principally

in taking salmon. For these, their betters, who consider fishing a menial business, give them horses. They own large numbers of these animals. A Skyuse is thought to be poor who has but fifteen or twenty of them. They generally have many more. One fat, hearty old fellow, owns something more than two thousand; all wild, except many as he needs for use or sale.

To these reports of the Indians, Dr. Whitman gave little credence; so at variance were some of the facts related, with what he presumed the Hudson's Bay Company would permit to be done by any one in their employment, or under their patronage—the abuse of American citizens, and the ungentlemanly interference with their characters and calling.

On the morning of the 27th, the arrival of Mr. Ermetinger, the senior clerk at Fort Hall from Fort Wallawalla, created quite a sensation. His uniform kindness to the Missionaries has endeared him to them. My companion, Blair, accompanied him. The poor old man had become lonely and discouraged, and as I had encouraged him to expect any assistance from me which his circumstances might demand, it afforded me the greatest pleasure to make his merits

known to the Missionaries, who needed an artisan to construct a mill at the station on the Clear Water. Dr. Whitman contracted with him for his services and Blair was happy. I sincerely hope he may for ever be so.

I attended the Indian school to-day. Mrs. Whitman is an indefatigable instructress. The children read in monosyllables from a primer lately published at the Clear Water station. After reading, they repeated a number of hymns in the Nez Percés, composed by Mr. Smith, of the Spokan station. These were afterwards sung. They learn music readily. At nightfall, I visited the Indian lodges in company with Dr. Whitman In one of them we saw a young woman who imagined that the spirit of a Medicine man, or conjuror, had entered into her system, and was wasting her life. She was resorting to the native remedy for such evils—singing wild incantations, and weeping loudly. This tribe, like all others west of the mountains, believe in witchcraft under various forms — practice sleight-of-hand, fire-eating, &c. They insert rough sticks into their throats, and draw them up and down till the blood flows freely, to make them long-winded on march. They

flatten the head, and perforate the septum, or partition of the nose. In this orifice they wear various ornaments. The more common one that I noticed was a wolf's tooth.

The Skyuse have two distinct languages: the one used in ordinary intercourse, the other on extraordinary occasions; as in war-councils, &c. Both are said to be copious and expressive. They also speak the Nez Percés and Wallawalla.

On the 28th, Mr. Ermetinger started for Fort Hall, and Blair for the Clear Water. Early in the day, the Indians brought in large numbers of their horses to try their speed. These are a fine race of animals; as large, and of better form, and more activity than most of the horses in the States. Every variety of colour is found among them, from the shining coal-black to the milk-white. Some of them are pied very singularly; for instance, a roan body with bay ears, and white mane and tail. Some are spotted with white on a roan, or bay, or sorrel ground, with tail and ears tipped with black. They are better trained to the saddle than those of civilized countries.

When an Indian wishes an increase of his serving animals, he mounts a fleet horse,

and, lasso in hand, rushes into his band of wild animals, throws it upon the neck of the chosen one, and chokes him down; and while in a state of insensibility, ties the hind and fore feet firmly together. When consciousness returns, the animal struggles violently, but in vain, to get loose. His fear is then attacked by throwing bear-skins, wolf-skins, and blankets at his head till he becomes quiet. He is then loosened from the cord, and rears and plunges furiously at the end of a long rope, and receives another introduction to bear-skins, &c. After this, he is approached and handled; or, if still too timid, he is again beset with blankets and bear-skins, as before, until he is docile. Then come the saddling and riding. During this training, they uniformly treat him tenderly when near, and rudely when he pulls at the end of the halter. Thus they make their wild steed the most fearless and pleasant riding animals I ever mounted.

The course pursued by Mr. Whitman, and other Presbyterian Missionaries, to improve the Indians, is to teach them the Nez Percés language, according to fixed grammatical rules, for the purpose of opening to them the arts and religion of civilized

nations through the medium of books. They also teach them practical agriculture and the useful arts, for the purpose of civilizing their physical condition. By these means, they hope to make them a better and a happier people. Perhaps it would be an easier way to the same result, if they would teach them the English language, and thus open to them at once the treasures which centuries of toil, by a superior race, have dug from the mines of intelligence and truth.

This was the evening before the sabbath, and Dr. Whitman, as his custom was, invited one of the most intelligent Indians to his study, translated to him the text of scripture from which he intended to teach the tribe on the morrow, explained to him its doctrines, and required of him to explain in turn. This was repeated again and again, until the Indian obtained a clear understanding of its doctrines.

The 29th was the sabbath, and I had an opportunity of noticing its observance by the Skyuse. I rose before the sun. The stars were waxing dim on the morning sky, the most charming dawn I ever witnessed. Every possible circumstance of sublimity conspired to make it so. There was the

pure atmosphere; not a wisp of cloud on all its transparent depths. The light poured over the Blue Mountains like a cataract of gold; first on the upper sky, then deepening its course through the lower air, it gilded the plain with a flood of brightness, mellow, beautiful brightness; the charms of morning light, on the brown, boundless solitudes of Oregon. The breeze scarcely rustled the leaves of the dying flowers; the drumming of the woodpecker on the distant tree, sounded a painful discord; so grand, so awful, and yet so sweet, were the unuttered symphonies of the sublime quiet of the wilderness.

At ten o'clock the Skyuse assembled for worship in the open air. The exercises were according to the Presbyterian form; the invocation, the hymn, the prayer, the hymn, the sermon, a prayer, a hymn, and the blessing; all in the Nez Percés tongue. The principal peculiarity about the services was the mode of delivering the discourse. When Dr. Whitman arose and announced the text, the Indian who had been instructed on the previous night, rose and repeated it; and as the address proceeded, repeated it also by sentence or paragraph, till it was finished. This is the custom of

the Skyuse in all their public speaking. The benefit resulting from it in this case, apparently, was the giving the doctrines which the Doctor desired to inculcate, a clearer expression in the proper idiom of the language.

During the recess, the children were assembled in sabbath school. In the afternoon, the service was similar to that of the morning. Every thing was conducted with much solemnity. After worship, the Indians gathered in their lodges, and conversed together concerning what they had heard. If doubt arose as to any point, it was solved by the instructed Indian. Thus passed the sabbath among the Skyuse.

On the 29th, I hired Crickie to take me to the Dalles; and, Mrs. Whitman having filled my sacks with bread, corn-meal, and other edibles, I lashed my packs once more for the lower Columbia.

CHAPTER IV.

Parting with Friends—Wallawalla Valley—Fort Wallawalla—Mr. Pambrun—The Columbia—Country down its banks—What was seen of Rock Earth—Wood, Fire and Water—Danger, &c. from the Heights—Falling Mountain—Morning Hymn to God—Giant's Causeway—A View of the Frozen Sublime—Tum Tum Orter' and other appurtenances—Dalles—Methodist Episcopal Mission—Mr. and Mrs. Perkins—Mr. Lee—Mission Premises—Egyptian Pyramids—Indians—How Fifty Indians can fight One Boston—The Result of a War—Descent of the Columbia in a Canoe—A Night on the River—The Poetry of the Wilderness—The Cascades—Postage—Dr. McLaughlin—Indian Tombs—Death—A Race—The River and its Banks—Night again—Mounts Washington and Jefferson—Arrival—Fort Vancouver—British Hospitality.

30th. Left the kind people of the mission at ten o'clock for Fort Wallawalla. Travelled fifteen miles; face of the country dry, barren, swelling plains; not an acre capable of cultivation; some bunch grass, and a generous supply of wild wormwood. Encamped on the northern branch of the Wallawalla River.

October 1. At ten o'clock to-day, I was kindly received by Mr. Pambrun at Fort Wallawalla. This gentleman is a half-pay officer in the British army. His rank in the Hudson Bay Company, is that of "clerk in charge" of this post. He is of French extraction, a native of Canada. I breakfasted with him and his family. His wife, a half breed of the country, has a numerous and beautiful family. The breakfast being over, Mr. Pambrun invited me to view the premises. The fort is a plank stockade, with a number of buildings within, appropriated to the several uses of a store, blacksmith-shop, dwellings, &c. It has a bastion in the north-east corner, mounted with cannon. The country around has sometimes been represented as fruitful and beautiful. I am obliged to deny so foul an imputation upon the fair fame of dame Nature. It is an ugly desert; designed to be such, made such, and is such.

About seven miles up the Wallawalla River, are two or three acres of ground fenced with brush, capable of bearing an inferior species of Yankee pumpkin; and another spot somewhere, of the fourth of an acre, capable of producing anything that grows in the richest kind of unmoistened

sand. But aside from these distinguished exceptions, the vicinity of Fort Wallawalla is a desert. There is, indeed, some beauty and sublimity in sight, but no fertility. The wild Columbia sweeps along under its northern wall. In the east, roll up to heaven dark lofty ridges of mountains; in the north-west, are the ruins of extinct and terrible volcanic action; in the west, a half mile, is the entrance of the river into the vast chasm of its lower course, abutted on either side by splendidly castellated rocks, a magnificent gateway for its floods.

But this is all. Desert describes it as well as it does the wastes of Arabia. I tarried only two hours with the hospitable Mr. Pambrun. But as if determined that I should remember that I would have been a welcome guest a much longer time, he put some tea and sugar and bread into my packs, and kindly expressed regrets that our mutual admiration of Napoleon should be thus crowded into the chit-chat of hours instead of weeks. A fine companionable fellow; I hope he will command Fort Wallawalla as long as Britons occupy it, and live a hundred years afterwards.

Travelled down the south bank of the Columbia along the water-side; the river half

a mile in width, with a deep strong current; water very clear. A short distance from this brink, on both sides, rose the embankments of the chasm it has worn for itself, in the lapse of ages—a noble gorge, worthy of its mighty waters. The northern one might properly be termed a mountain running continuously along the water's edge, seven hundred or eight hundred feet in height, black, shining, and shrubless. The southern one consisted of earthy bluffs, alternating with cliffs from one hundred to four hundred feet above the stream, turreted with basaltic shafts, some twenty, others one hundred feet above the subjacent hills.

Passed a few horses travelling industriously formed from one wisp of dry bunch grass to another. Every thing unnatural, dry, brown, and desolate. Climbed the heights near sunset, and had an extensive view of the country south of the river. It was a treeless, brown expanse of dearth, vast rolling swells of sand and clay, too dry to bear wormwood. No mountains seen in that direction. On the north they rose precipitously from the river, and hid from view the country beyond. The Wallawalla Indians brought us drift-wood and fresh salmon, for which they desired "shmoke," tobacco.

2nd. Continued to descend the river. Early in the day, basalt disappeared from the bluffs; and the country north and south opened to view five or six miles from the stream. I was partially covered with dry bunch grass; groups of Indian horses occasionally appeared. But I was impressed with the belief that the journeyings from one quid of grass to another, and from these to water, were sufficient to enfeeble the constitution of the best horse in Christendom. The wild wormwood, of "blessed memory," greeted my eyes and nose, wherever its scrags could find sand to nourish them.

During the day I was gratified with the sight of five or six trees, and these a large species of willow, themselves small and bowed with age; stones and rocks more or less fused. A strong westerly wind buffeted me; and much of the time filled the air with drifting sand. We encamped at the water side about three o'clock. I had thus a fine opportunity of ascending the heights to view the southern plain. The slopes were well covered with grass, and seemed easy of ascent; but on trial proved extremely laborious. I however climbed slowly and patiently the long sweeps for two hours, and gained nothing. Nay, I could see the noble

river, like a long line of liquid fire blazing with the light of the western sun; and the rush wigwams of the Wallawallas, dotting the sands of the opposite shore; and the barren bluffs and rocks beyond them piled away into space. But to the south my vision was hemmed in by the constantly rising swells. No extensive view could be obtained from any of the heights.

The sun was fast sinking, and the hills rose as I advanced. I was so weary that I could go little further. But taking a careful view of the peaks which would guide me back to my camp, I determined to travel on till it should become too dark to see what might open before me. I climbed slowly and tediously the seemingly endless swells, lifting themselves over and beyond each other in beautiful, but to my wearied limbs, and longing eyes in most vexatious continuity, till the sun dipped his lower rim beneath the horizon.

A volcano burst the hills, thought I; and on I trudged with the little strength that a large quantity of vexation gave me. Fires blister your beautiful brows, I half uttered, as I dragged myself up the crowning eminence, and saw the plateau declining in irregular undulations far into the southwest—

a sterile waste, clothed in the glories of the last rays of a splendid sunset. The crests of the distant swells were fringed with bunch grass; not a shrub or a tree on all the field of vision; and evidently no water nearer than the Columbia. Those cattle which are, in the opinions of certain travellers, to depasture these plains in future time, must be of sound wind and limb to gather food and water the same day. I found myself so wearied on attaining this goal of my wishes, that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I was literally compelled to seek some rest before attempting to descend.

I therefore seated myself, and in the luxury of repose permitted darkness to commence creeping over the landscape, before I could rouse myself to the effort of moving. When I did start, my style of locomotion was extremely varied, and withal sometimes not the most pleasant to every portion of the mortal coil. My feet were not unfrequently twice or thrice the length of that measure in advance of my body. But the reader must not suppose that this circumstance diminished my speed. I continued to slide down the hills, using as vehicles the small sharp stones beneath me, until an opportunity offered to put my

nether extremities under me again. Once I had nearly plunged headlong from a precipice some fifty feet high, and saved myself by catching a wormwood bush standing within three feet of the brink. Finally, without any serious mishap, I arrived in camp, so completely exhausted, that, without tasting food, I threw myself on my couch for the night.

3rd. The earthy bluffs continued to bind the chasm of the river till mid-day, when buttresses of basalt took their place. A little bunch grass grew among the wild wormwood. Turkeys, grouse, and a species of large hare frequently appeared; many ducks in the stream. For three hours before sunset the trail was rugged and precipitous, often overhanging the river, and so narrow that a mis-step of four inches would have plunged horse and rider hundreds of feet into the boiling flood. But as Skyuse horses never make such disagreeable mistakes, we rode the steeps in safety. Encamped in a small grove of willows. The river along the day's march was hemmed in by lofty and rugged mountains. The rocks showed indubitable evidences of a volcanic origin. As the sun went down, the Wallawalla village on the opposite shore

sang a hymn in their own language, to a tune which I have often heard sung in Catholic Churches, before the image of the Virgin. The country in the south, as seen from the heights, was broken and barren; view limited in all directions by the unevenness of the surface.

4th. Awakened this morning by the fall of a hundred tons of rock from the face of the mountain near us. The earth trembled as if the slumbering volcanoes were wrestling in its bowels. We were brought to our feet, and opened and rubbed our eyes with every mark of despatch. My "poor crane" and his hopeful son condescended to appear shocked; an event in an Indian's life that occurs as seldom as his birth. I had stationed myself near the fallen rocks as the sun's first rays awoke the morning hymn of the Indian village.

It was a sweet wild tune that they sung to God among the dark mountains of the Columbia. And sweeter, perhaps, in such a place, where every motion of the heart is a monition that one is alone, and every thought brings with it the remembrance that the social affections are separated from the objects of their fondness, and where every moral sensibility is chilled by a sense of

desolation and danger, calling into exercise the resisting and exterminating propensities, and where the holy memories of home find no response but in some loved star in the unchanging heavens. In such a place how far sweeter than anything beside is the evidence of the religious principle—the first teaching of a mother's love, rising over the wastes of nature from the altar of a pure heart—the incense of love going up to the heavenly presence.

At eight o'clock we were on route; at nine o'clock approached the bend in the river, where it changes from a south-west to a north-west course. At this place the cliffs which overhang the southern bank presented a fine collection of basaltic columns. Along the margin of the river lay hillocks of scoriæ, piled together in every imaginable form of confusion. Among them grew considerable quantities of bunch grass, on which a band of Wallawalla horses were feeding. Sand-hills on the opposite shore rose one thousand feet in the air. Basalt occurred at intervals, in a more or less perfect state of formation, till the hour of noon; when the trail led to the base of a series of columns extending three-fourths of a mile down the bank. These were more perfectly formed than any previously seen.

They swelled from a large curve of the mountain side, like the bastions of ancient castles; and one series of lofty columns towered above another, till the last was surmounted by a crowning tower, a little above the level of the plain beyond. And their pentagonal form, longitudinal sections, dark shining fracture, and immense masses strewn along my way, betokened me if not in the very presence of the Giant's Causeway, yet on a spot where the same mighty energies had exerted themselves which built that rare, beautiful wonder of the Emerald Isle. The river was very tortuous, and shut in by high dykes of basalt and sand hills the remainder of the day; saw three small rapids in the Columbia; encamped at sunset; too weary to climb the heights.

5th. Arose at break of day, and ordering my guide to make arrangements for starting as soon as I should return, I ascended the neighbouring heights. Grassy undulating plains in all directions south of the river. Far in the north-east towered the frozen peak of Mount Washington, a perfect pyramid, clothed with eternal snows. The view in the north was hemmed in by mountains which rose higher than the place of observation. On descending, my guide Crickie complained of ill-health; and assigned that

circumstance as a reason why he should not proceed with me to the Dalles. I was much vexed with him at the time, for this unseasonable desertion, and believed that the real inducement to his course was the danger to be apprehended from the Indians at the Shutes. But I was sorry to learn from Dr. Whitman afterwards that the poor fellow was actually sick, and that he suffered much at the sand bank encampment, where I left him. After paying Crickie for his faithful services thus far along, and giving him four days' provision for himself and boy, a Wallawalla Indian who had encamped with us the previous night, took charge of Crickie's horses, bearing himself and packs, and led the way down the river.

The "poor crane" was an honest, honourable man; and I can never think of all his kind acts to me, from the time I met him in the plains beyond the Wallawalla mission, till I left him sick on the bank of the Columbia, without wishing an opportunity to testify my sense of his moral worth and goodness of heart in some way which shall yield him a substantial reward for all he suffered in my service. Two hours' ride brought to my ears the music of the "tum tum ort-

er;" the Indian-English for the "thundering waters" of the Shutes. These are the only perpendicular falls of the Columbia, in its course from the junction of its great northern and southern branches, to the ocean. And they do indeed thunder. A stratum of black rock forming the bed of the river above, by preserving its horizontal position, rises at this place above the natural surface of the stream, and forms an abrupt precipice, hanging sixty feet in height over the bed below.

The river, when I passed was unfortunately at its lower stage—still the Shutes were terribly grand. The main body of the water swept around near its southern bank, and being there compressed into a narrow rough channel, chafed its angry way to the brink, where, bending a massive curve, as if hesitating to risk the leap, it plunged into a narrow cavern sixty feet deep, with a force and volume which made the earth tremble. The noise was prodigious, deafening, and echoed in awful tumult among the barren mountains. Further towards the other shore, smaller jets were rushing from the imprisoned rocks which clustered near the brow of the cliff, into other caverns;

and close under the north bank, and farther down the stream, thundered another, nearly equal in grandeur to the one first described.

On the portions of the rocky stratum left by the chafing waters, in wearing out numerous channels below the present situation of the Shutes, were the flag huts of one hundred Wallawalla fishermen. They were taking salmon with scoop nets and bone pointed spears. These people are filthy and naked. Some sat by fires swallowing roasted salmon; others greasing themselves with the oil of that fish; others were dressing and drying them; others stood down on the projections in the chasms, sweeping their nets in the foaming waters; untaught, unelevated, least intelligent, least improvable human nature! It was not deemed safe to remain long among these savages, who had begun to examine my packs with more interest than strictly honest intentions towards them seemed to require, and I took to the trail again on a fast trot.

Some of them endeavoured to follow on foot, demanding a tribute of "smoke" for the privilege of passing their dominions. But having none at hand I pushed on, without regarding their suit, over sand hills,

beds of volcanic stones, and hanging declivities, till rounding a basaltic buttress, I came in view of the little plain on the south-western shore of the Dalles. The "Dalles," a French term for "flat stones," is applied to a portion of the river here, where, by a process similar to that going on at Niagara, the waters have cut channels through an immense stratum of black rock, over which they used to fall as at the Shutes.

At low stages these are of sufficient capacity to pass all the waters. But the annual floods overflow the "flat stones," and produce a lashing and leaping, and whirling of waters, too grand for the imagination to conceive. These "Dalles" are covered with the huts of the Chinooks, a small band of a tribe of the same name, which inhabits the banks of Columbia from this place to its mouth. They flatten their heads and perforate the septum of the nose, as do the Wallawallas, Skyuse and Nez Percés.

The depression of the southern embankment of the chasm of the river at the Dalles, extends eight miles along the stream, and from a half mile to a mile in width. It is broken by ledges bursting through the

surface, and in parts loaded with immense boulders of detached rocks. Along the north-western border are groves of small white oaks; and on the highlands in that direction are forests of pine, spruce and other evergreens, clothing the whole country westward to the snowy peaks of the President's Range.

In the south-west, specked with clusters of bunch grass, is an open rolling plain, which stretches beyond the reach of vision. In the north rise sharp mountains, thinly clad with evergreen trees; through an opening among the peaks of which, appeared the shining apex of Mount Adams. In the north-east sweep away in brown barrenness, naked cliffs and sandy wastes. I had taken a bird's-eye view of the Dalles and the region round about, when my Indian cried out "Lee house." And there it was, a mission house of the American P. E. Methodist Church, in charge of Messrs. Lee and Perkins.

I spent a week at the Dalles' mission, eating salmon and growing fat; an event that had not lately occurred in the republic of the members of my mortal confederacy.

The buildings of the mission, are a dwell-

ing-house, a house for worship and for school purposes, and a workshop, &c. The first is a log structure thirty by twenty feet, one and a half floor high, shingle roofs, and floors made of plank cut with a whip-saw from the pines of the hills. The lower story is divided into two rooms—the one a dining-room, the other the family apartment of Mr. Perkins and lady. These are lined overhead and at the sides with beautiful rush mats manufactured by the Indians. The upper story is partitioned into six dormitories, and a school-room for Indian children; all neatly lined with mats. Underneath is an excellent cellar. The building designed for a house of worship, was being built when I arrived. Its architecture is a curiosity.

The frame is made in the usual form, save that instead of four main posts at the corners, and others at considerable distances, for the support of lateral girders, there were eleven on each side, and six on each end, beside the corner posts—all equal in size and length. Between these billets of wood were driven transversely, on which as lathing, mortar made of clay, sand and straw, were laid to a level with their exterior and interior faces. There is so little falling

weather here, that this mode of building was considered sufficiently substantial.

Messrs. Lee and Perkins were formerly connected with the mission on the Willamette. Eighteen months before I had the happiness of enjoying their hospitality, they came to this spot with axes on their shoulders, felled trees, ploughed, fenced, and planted twenty acres of land with their own hands, and erected these habitations of civilization and Christianity on the bosom of the howling wilderness. Their premises are situated on elevated ground, about a mile south-west from the river. Immediately back is a grove of small white oaks and yellow pines; a little north, is a sweet spring bursting from a ledge of rocks which supplies water for house use, and moistens about an acre of rich soil. About a mile to the south, are two or three hundred acres of fine land, with groves of oaks around, and an abundant supply of excellent water. Here it was the intention of the mission to open a farm under the care of a layman from the States.

A mile and a half to the north, is a tract of about two hundred acres, susceptible of being plentifully irrigated by a number of large streams that pour down upon it from

the western mountains. Here, too, they intended to locate laymen to open farms, and extract from the idle earth the means of feeding themselves, the Indians, and the way-worn white man from the burnt solitudes of the mountains. No location, not even the sacred precincts of St. Bernard, on the snows of the Alps, could be better chosen for the operations of a holy benevolence.

The Indians from many quarters flock to the Dalles and the Shutes in the spring, and autumn, and winter to purchase salmon; the commercial movements between the States and the Pacific will pass their door; and there in after-days, the sturdy emigrants from the States will stop, (as did the pilgrims on Plymouth rock,) to give grateful praise to Him who stood forth in their aid, not indeed while struggling on the foamy billow, but on the burning plain and the icy cliff, and in the deadly turmoil of Indian battles on the way, and will seek food and rest for their emaciated frames, before entering the woody glen and flowing everglades of Lower Oregon.

A saw-mill, a grist-mill, and other machinery necessary to carry out a liberal plan of operations, are in contemplation. The

fruit of the oak, it is supposed, will support 1,000 hogs from the middle of August to the middle of April; the products of the arable soil will suffice to make that number into marketable pork; and as the grass and other vegetation grow there during the winter months, twenty-five or thirty square miles of pasturage round about, will enable them to raise, at a trifling expense, immense numbers of sheep, horses and cattle. Five acres of ground cultivated in 1839, produced twenty-five bushels of the small grains, seventy-five bushels of potatoes, and considerable quantities of other vegetables. This was an experiment only on soil not irrigated. Gentlemen suppose it capable of producing double that amount, if irrigated. The season, too, was unusually dry.

Around about the mission are clusters of friable sandstone rocks of remarkable form. Their height varies from ten to thirty feet; their basilar diameters from three to ten feet: their shape generally resembles that of the obelisk. These (fifteen or twenty in number) standing among the oaks and pines, often in clusters, and sometimes solitary, give a strange interest of antiquity to the spot. And this illusion is increased by a

rock of another form, an immense boulder resting upon a short, slender pedestal, and strikingly resembling the Egyptian sphynx. The Indian tradition in regard to them is, that they were formerly men, who, for some sin against the Great Spirit, were changed to stone.

At the Dalles is the upper village of the Chinooks. At the Shutes, five miles above, is the lower village of the Wallawallas. One of the missionaries, Mr. Lee, learns the Chinook language, and the other, Mr. Perkins, the Wallawalla; and their custom is to repair on Sabbath days each to his own people, and teach them the Christian religion. The Chinooks flatten their heads more, and are more stupid than any other tribe on the Columbia. There was one among the Dalles' band, who, it was said, resisted so obstinately the kind efforts of his parents to crush his skull into the aristocratic shape, that they abandoned him to the care of nature in this regard; and much to the scandal of his family, his head grew in the natural form. I saw him every day while I staid there. He was evidently the most intelligent one of the band. His name is Boston; so called, because the form of his head resembles that of Americans,

whom the Indians call "Boston," in order to distinguish them from "King George's men,"—the Hudson Bay Company gentlemen. Boston, although of mean origin, has, on account of his superior energy and intelligence, become the war chief of the Dalles.

On the morning of the 14th, I overhauled my baggage, preparatory to descending the river. In doing so, I was much vexed to find that the Indians had, in some manner, drawn my saddle to the window of the workshop in which it was deposited, and stripped it of stirrups, stirrup-straps, surcingle, girths, and crupper. They had also stolen my bridle.

The loss of these articles, in a region where they could not be purchased—articles so necessary to me in carrying out my designs of travelling over the lower country, roused in me the bitterest determination to regain them at all hazards. Without reflecting for a moment upon the disparity of numbers between my single self and forty or fifty able-bodied Indians, I armed myself completely, and marched my solitary battalion to the camp of the principal chief, and entered it. He was away. I explained to some persons there by signs

and a few words, the object of my search, and marched my army to an elevated position and halted.

I had been stationed but a short time, when the Indians began to collect in their chief's lodge, and whisper earnestly. Ten minutes passed thus, and Indians were constantly arriving and entering. I was supported in the rear by a lusty oak, and so far as I remember, was ready to exclaim with the renowned antagonist of Roderick Dhu,

"Come one, come all;" &c.

but never having been a hero before or since, I am not quite certain that I thought any such thing. My wrath, however, was extreme. To be robbed for the first time by Indians, and that by such cowardly wretches as these Chinooks were; and robbed too of my means of exploring Oregon, when on the very threshold of the most charming part of it, was an inconvenience and an ignominy worth a battle to remove.

Just at the moment of this lofty conclusion, thirty-eight or forty Indians rushed around me; eight or ten loaded muskets were levelled at my chest, within ten feet of me, and the old chief stood within five feet, with

a duelling pistol loaded, cocked, and pointed at my heart. While this movement was being made, I brought my rifle to bear upon the old chief's vital organs. Thus both armies stood for the space of five minutes, without the movement of tongue or muscle. Then one of the braves intimated that it was "not good" for me to be out with arms; and that I must immediately accommodate myself within doors. But to this proposition the bravery of my army would not submit. I accordingly informed him to that effect; whereupon the opposing army went into a furious rage.

At this juncture of affairs, Mr. Lee came up, and acted as interpreter. He inquired into the difficulty, and was told that the "whole Chinook tribe was threatened with invasion, and all the horrors of a general war, on what account they knew not." The commander of my army reported that they had robbed him, and deserved such treatment; and that he had taken arms to annihilate the tribe, unless they had restored to him what they had stolen.

I was then told that "it was not good for me to appear in arms—that it was good for me to go into the house" To this, my army with one voice replied, "Nay, never,

never leave the ground, or the Chinooks alive, tribe or chief, if the stolen property be not restored;" and wheeling my battalion, drove first one flank and then the other of the opposing hosts, fifty yards into the depths of the forests.

During this movement, worthy of the best days of Spartan valour, the old chief stood amazed to see his followers, with guns loaded and cocked, fly before such inferior numbers. After effecting the complete rout of the opposing infantry, the army under my command took up the old position without the loss of a single man. But the old chief was still there, as dogged and sullen as Indian ever was. On approaching him, he presented his pistol again near my chest, whereupon my rifle was instantly in a position to reach his; and thus the renowned leaders of these mighty hosts stood for the space of an hour without bloodshed.

Perhaps such another chief was never seen; such unblenching coolness—excepting always the heat which was thrown off in a healthful and profuse perspiration—and such perfect undauntedness, except an unpleasant knocking of the knees together, produced probably by the anticipated blasts of December. But while these exhibitions

of valour were being enacted, one stirrup was thrown at my feet, and then the other, and then the straps, the crupper, &c., until all the most valuable articles lost, were piled before me. The conquest was complete, and will doubtless shed immortal lustre upon the gallant band, who, in the heart of the wilderness, dared to assert and maintain, against the encroachments of a numerous and well-disciplined foe, the "élite" of the Chinook army, the rights and high prerogative of brave freemen and soldiers. The number of killed and wounded of the enemy had not been ascertained, when the troops under my command departed for the lower country.

In the evening which succeeded this day of carnage, the old chief assembled his surviving followers, and made war speeches until midnight. His wrath was immeasurable. On the following morning, the Indians in the employ of the mission left their work.

About ten o'clock, one of the tribe appeared with a pack-horse, to convey Mr. Lee's and my own packs to the water-side. The old chief also appeared, and bade him desist. He stood armed before the house an hour, making many threats against the

Bostons, individually and collectively ; but finally retired. As soon as he had entered his lodge, the horse of his disobedient subject was loaded, and rushed to the river. An effort was made to get oarsmen for our canoe, but the old hero of a legion of devils told them, "the high Bostons would kill them all, and that they must not go with him." Mr. Lee, however, did not despair.

We followed the baggage towards the river. When within a quarter of a mile of it, two Americans, members of Richardson's party, Mr. Lee and an Indian or two, whom the old chief had not succeeded in frightening, took the canoe from the bushes, and bore it to the river on their shoulders.

The natives were stationed beyond rifle-shot upon the rocks on either side of the way, bows and arrows, and guns in hand. Indian Boston was in command. He stood on the loftiest rock, grinding his teeth, and growling like a bloodhound, "Bostons ugh;" and springing upon his bow, drove his arrows into the ground with demoniac madness. I stopped, and drew my rifle to my face, whereupon there was a grand retreat behind the rocks. My army marched slowly and majestically on, as became the dignity

of veteran victors. The women and children fled from the wigwams by the way; and the fear of the annihilation of the whole tribe only abated when my wrath was, to their understanding, appeased by the interference of Mr. Lee: Thus the tribe was saved from my vengeance—the whole number, fifty or sixty stout savages, were saved! an instance of clemency, a parallel to which will scarcely be found in the history of past ages.

Being convinced, at last, that my intentions towards them had become more pacific, six oarsmen, a bowsman, and steersman, were readily engaged by Mr. Lee, and he shoved off from that memorable battle-ground on a voyage to the Willamette. These Indians have been notorious thieves ever since they have been known to the whites. Their meanness has been equally well known. Destitute of every manly and moral virtue, they and their fathers have hung around the Dalles, eaten salmon, and rotted in idleness and vice; active only in mischief, and honest only in their crouching cowardice towards those they suppose able to punish their villany.

There is some very curious philosophy among them: as for example, they believe

human existence to be indestructible by the laws of nature; and never diseased, unless made so by the Medicine men or conjurers, who are believed to enter into the system in an unseen manner, and pull at the vitals. They also hold that one Medicine man can cast out another. Accordingly, when one of them is called to a patient and does not succeed in restoring him to health, he is believed to be accessory to his death, and is punished as such by the relatives of the deceased.

Their mode of treating patients is to thrust them into a sweat oven, and thence, reeking with perspiration, into the cold streams. After this, they are stretched out at length on the ground, wrapped very warmly, and kneaded, and rolled, and rubbed, with great severity. The abdomen is violently pressed down to the spine, and the forehead pressed with the might of the operator; the arms and limbs, pinched and rubbed, rolled and bruised. Meanwhile, the conjuror is uttering most beastly noises. As might be supposed, patients labouring under the febrile diseases, are soon destroyed.

In order, however, to keep up their influence among the people, the conjurors of

a tribe, male and female, have cabalistic dances. After the darkness of night sets in, they gather together in a wigwam, build a large fire in the centre, spread the floor with elk skins, set up on end a wide cedar board, and suspend near it a stick of wood in a horizontal position. An individual seizes the end of the stick, swings the other end against the cedar board, and thus beats noisy time to a still more noisy chant. The dance is commenced sometimes by a man alone, and often by a man and woman. And various and strange are the bodily contortions of the performers. They jump up and down, and swing their arms with more and more violence, as the noise of the singing and thumping accompaniment increases, and yelp, and froth at the mouth, till the musician winds up with the word "*ugh*"—a long, strong, gutteral grunt; or until some one of the dancers falls apparently dead.

When the latter is the case, one of the number walks around the prostrate individual, and calls his or her name loudly at each ear, at the nose, fingers, and toes. After this ceremony, the supposed dead shudders greatly, and comes to life. And thus they continue to sing, and thump, and

dance, and die, and come to life through the night. They are said to be very expert at sleight of hand.

The Chinooks, like all other Indians, believe in existence after death; but their views of the conditions of that existence, I could not learn. The conjurors teach them, that they themselves shall be able to visit their tribe after the body shall have decayed; and when approaching the end of their days, inform the people in what shape they will manifest themselves. Some choose a horse, others a deer, others an elk, &c., and when they die, the image of their transmigrated state is erected over their remains.

The reader is desired to consider Mr. Lee and myself gliding, arrow-like, down the deep clear Columbia, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, and to interest himself in the bold mountain embankments clothed with the deep, living green of lofty pine and fir forests, while I revert to the kind hospitalities of the Dalles' mission. Yet how entirely impossible is it to relate all that one enjoys in every muscle of the body, every nerve and sense, and every affection of the spirit when he flies from the hardships and loneliness of deserts to the

comforts of a bed, a chair, and a table, and the holy sympathy of hearts moulded and controlled by the higher sentiments. I had taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins with the feelings that one experiences in civilized lands, when leaving long-tried and congenial friends.

The good man urged me to return and explore with him, during the rainy season in the lower country, some extensive and beautiful prairies, which the Indians say lie sixty or seventy miles in the north, on the east side of the President's range; and Mrs. Perkins kindly proposed to welcome my return for that object with a splendid suit of buckskin, to be used in my journeyings.

But I must leave my friends to introduce the reader to the "Island of the Tombs." Mr. Lee pointed to it, as the tops of the cedar board houses of the dead peered over the hillocks of sand and rock among which they stood. We moored our canoe on the western side, and climbed up a precipice of black shining rocks two hundred feet; and winding among drifts of sand the distance of one hundred yards came to the tombs. They consisted of boxes ten or twelve feet square on the ground, eight or ten high, made of cedar

boards fastened to a rough frame, in an upright position at the sides, and horizontally over the top. On them, and about them, were the cooking utensils, and other personal property of the deceased. Within were the dead bodies, wrapped in many thicknesses of deer and elk skins, tightly lashed with leather thongs, and laid in a pile with their heads to the east. Underneath the undecayed bodies were many bones from which the flesh and wrappings had fallen: in some instances a number of waggon loads. Three or four of the tombs had gone to ruins, and the skulls and other bones lay strewn on the ground. The skulls were all flattened. I picked up one with the intention of bringing it to the States. But as Mr. Lee assured me that the high veneration of the living for the dead would make the attempt very dangerous, I reluctantly returned it to its resting place.

We glided merrily down the river till sunset, and landed on the northern shore to sup. The river had varied from one to one and a half miles in width, with rather a sluggish current; water clear, cool, and very deep. Various kinds of duck, divers, &c., were upon its beautiful surface. The

hair seal was abundant. The mountains rose abruptly on either side from five hundred to two thousand feet, in sweeping heights, clad with evergreen trees. Some few small oaks grew in the nooks by the water side. Among these were Indian wigwams, constructed of boards split from the red cedar on the mountains. I entered some of them. They were filthy in the extreme. In one of them was a sick man. A withered old female was kneeding and pinching the devil out of him. He was labouring under a bilious fever. But as a "Medicine man" was pulling at his gall, it was necessary to expel him; and the old hag pressed his head, bruised his abdomen, &c., with the fury and groaning of a bedlamite.

Not an acre of arable land appeared along the shores. The Indians subsist on fish and acorns of the white oak. The former they eat fresh during the summer; but their winter stores they dry and preserve in the following manner:—The spine of the fish being taken out, and the flesh being slashed into checks with a knife, so as to expose as much surface as possible, is laid on the rocks to dry. After becoming thoroughly

hard, it is bruised to powder, mixed with the oil of the leaf fat of the fish, and packed away in flag sacks. Although no salt is used in this preparation, it remains good till May of the following year. The acorns, as soon as they fall from the trees, are buried in sand constantly satured with water, where they remain till spring. By this soaking their bitter flavour is said to be destroyed.

After supper, Mr. Lee ordered a launch, and the Indian paddles were again dipping in the bright waters. The stars were out on the clear night, twinkling as of old, when the lofty peaks around were heaved from the depths of the volcano. They now looked down on a less grand, indeed, but more lovely scene. The fires of the natives blazed among the woody glens, the light canoe skimmed the water near the shore, the winds groaned over the mountain tops, the cascades sang from cliff to cliff, the loon shouted and dove beneath the shining wave; it was a wild, almost unearthly scene, in the deep gorge of the Columbia. The rising of the moon changed its features. The profoundest silence reigned, save the dash of paddles that echoed faintly from the shores; our canoe sprang lightly over

the rippling waters, the Indian fires smouldered among the waving pines; the stars became dim, and the depths of the blue sky glowed one vast nebula of mellow light. But the eastern mountains hid awhile the orb from sight.

The south-western heights shone with its pale beams, and cast into the deeply sunken river a bewitching dancing of light and shade, unequalled by the pencil of the wildest imagination. The grandeur, too, of grove, and cliff, and mountain, and the mighty Columbia wrapped in the drapery of a golden midnight! It was the new and rapidly opening panorama of the sublime wilderness. The scene changed again when the moon was high in heaven.

The cocks crew in the Indian villages; the birds twittered on the boughs; the wild fowl screamed, as her light gilded the chasm of the river, and revealed the high rock Islands with their rugged crags and mouldering tombs. The winds from Mount Adams were loaded with frosts, and the poetry of the night was fast waning into an ague, when Mr. Lee ordered the steersman to moor. A crackling pine fire was soon blazing, and having warmed our shivering

frames, we spread our blankets, and slept sweetly till the dawn.

Early on the morning of the 16th, our Indians were pulling at the paddles. The sky was overcast, and a dash of rain occasionally fell, the first I had witnessed since leaving Boyou Salade. And although the air was chilly, and the heavens gloomy, yet when the large clear drops pattered on my hat, and fell in glad confusion around our little bark, a thrill of pleasure shot through my heart. Dangers, wastes, thirst, starvation, eternal dearth on the earth, and dewless heavens, were matters only of painful recollection. The present was the reality of the past engrafted on the hopes of the future; the showery skies, the lofty green mountains, the tumbling cataracts, the mighty forests, the sweet savour of teeming groves, among the like of which I had breathed in infancy, hung over the threshold of the lower Columbia, the goal of my wayfaring.

Hearken to that roar of waters! see the hastening of the flood! hear the sharp rippling by yonder rock; the whole river sinks from view in advance of us. The bowsman dips his paddle deeply and quickly; the frail canoe shoots to the

northern shore between a string of islands and the main land; glides quickly down a narrow channel; passes a village of cedar board wigwams on a beautiful little plain to the right; it rounds the lower island; behold the Cascades!—an immense trough of boulders of rocks, down which rushes the "Great River of the West." The baggage is ashore; the Indians are conveying the canoe over the portage, and while this is being done, the reader will have time to explore the lower falls of the Columbia, and their vicinage.

The trail of the Portage runs near the torrent, along the rocky slope on its northern bank, and terminates among large loose rocks, blanched by the floods of ages, at the foot of the trough of the main rapid. It is about a mile and a half long. At its lower end voyagers re-embark when the river is at a low stage, and run the lower rapids. But when it is swollen by the annual freshets, they bear their boats a mile and a half farther down, where the water is deep and less tumultuous. In walking down this path, I had a near view of the whole length of the main rapids. As I have intimated, the bed of the river here is a vast inclined trough of white rocks, sixty

or eighty feet deep, about four hundred yards wide at the top, and diminishing to about half that width at the bottom. The length of this trough is about a mile. In that distance the water falls about one hundred and thirty feet; in the rapids, above and below it, about twenty feet, making the whole descent about one hundred and fifty feet. The quantity of water which passes here is incalculable. But an approximate idea of it may be obtained from the fact that while the velocity is so great, that the eye with difficulty follows objects floating on the surface, yet such is its volume at the lowest stage of the river, that it rises and bends like a sea of molten glass over a channel of immense rocks, without breaking its surface, except near the shores, so deep and vast is the mighty flood!

In the June freshets, when the melted snows from the western declivities of seven hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains, and those on the eastern sides of the President's Range, come down, the Cascades must present a spectacle of sublimity equalled only by Niagara. This is the passage of the river through the President's Range, and the mountains near it on either

side are worthy of their distinguished name. At a short distance from the southern shore they rise in long ridgy slopes, covered with pines, and other terebinthine trees of extraordinary size, over the tops of which rise bold black crags, which, elevating themselves in great grandeur one beyond another, twenty or thirty miles to the southward, cluster around the icy base of Mount Washington. On the other side of the Cascades is a similar scene. Immense and gloomy forests, tangled with fallen timber and impenetrable underbrush, cover mountains, which in the States, would excite the profoundest admiration for their majesty and beauty, but which dwindle into insignificance as they are viewed in presence of the shining glaciers, and massive grandeur of Mount Adams, hanging over them.

The river above the Cascades runs northwestwardly; but approaching the descent, it turns westward, and, after entering the trough, south westwardly, and having passed this, it resumes its course to the north west. By this bend, it leaves between its shore and the northern mountains, a somewhat broken plain, a mile in width, and about four miles in length. At the upper end of the rapids, this plain is

nearly on a level with the river, so that an inconsiderable freshet sets the water up a natural channel half way across the bend. This circumstance, and the absence of any serious obstructions in the form of hills, &c., led me to suppose that a canal might be cut around the Cascades at a trifling expence, which would not only open steamboat navigation to the Dalles, but furnish at this interesting spot, an incalculable amount of water power.

The canoe had been deposited among the rocks at the lower end of the trough, our cocoa and boiled salmon, bread, butter, potatoes, &c., had been located in their proper depositories, and we were taking a parting gaze at the rushing flood, when the sound of footsteps, and an order given in French to deposit a bale of goods at the water side, drew our attention to a hearty old gentleman of fifty or fifty-five, whom Mr. Lee immediately recognized as Dr. McLaughlin. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, and stoutly built, weighing about two hundred pounds, with large green blueish eyes, a ruddy complexion, and hair of snowy whiteness. He was on his return from London with despatches from the Hudson's Bay Company's Board in

England, and with letters from friends at home to the hundreds of Britons in its employ in the north-western wilderness. He was in high spirits. Every crag in sight was familiar to him, had witnessed the energy and zeal of thirty years' successful enterprise; had seen him in the strength of ripened manhood, and now beheld his undiminished energies crowned with the frosted locks of age. We spent ten minutes with the doctor, and received a kind invitation to the hospitalities of his post; gave our canoe, freighted with our baggage, in charge of the Indians, to take down the lower rapids, and ascended the bluff to the trail which leads to the tide-water below them. We climbed two hundred feet among small spruce, pine, fir, and hemlock trees, to the table land.

The track was strewn with fragments of petrified trees, from three inches to two feet in diameter, and rocks, (quartz and granite, *ex loco*), mingled with others more or less fused. Soon after striking the path on the plain, we came to a beautiful little lake, lying near the brink of the hill. It was clear and deep; and around its western, northern, and eastern shores, drooped the boughs of a thick hedge of small evergreen

trees, which dipped and rose charmingly in its waters. All around stood the lofty pines, sighing and groaning in the wind. Nothing could be seen, but the little lake and the girding forest; a gem of perfect beauty, reflecting the deep shades of the unbroken wilderness. A little stream creeping away from it down the bluff, babbled back the roar of the Cascades.

The trail led us among deep ravines, clad with heavy frosts, the soil of which was a coarse gravel, thinly covered with a vegetable mould. A mile from the lake, we came upon a plain level again. In this place was a collection of Indian tombs, similar to those upon the "Island of tombs." These were six or eight in number, and contained a great quantity of bones. On the boards around the sides were painted the figures of death, horses, dogs, &c. The great destroyer bears the same grim aspect to the savage mind that he does to ours.—A skull and the fleshless bones of a skeleton piled around, were his symbol upon these rude resting places of the departed. One of them, which our Indian said, contained the remains of a celebrated "Medecine man," bore the figure of a horse rudely carved

from the red cedar tree. This was the form in which his *posthumous* visits were to be made to his tribe. Small brass kettles, wooden pails, and baskets of curious workmanship, were piled on the roof.

Thence onward half a mile over a stony soil, sometimes open, and again covered with forests, we reached our canoe by the rocky shore at the foot of the rapids. Mr. Lee here pointed out to me a strong eddying current on the southern shore, in which Mr. Cyrus Shepard and Mrs. Doctor White and child, of the Methodist Mission on the Willamette, were capsized the year before, in an attempt to run the lower rapids. Mr. Shepard could not swim—had sunk the second time, and rose by the side of the upturned canoe, when he seized the hand of Mrs. White, who was on the opposite side, and thus sustained himself and her, until some Indians came to their relief. On reaching the shore, and turning up the canoe, the child was found entangled among the cross-bars, dead!

The current was strong where we reentered our canoe, and bore us along at a brisk rate.—The weather, too, was very agreeable; the sky transparent, and glowing with a mild October sun. The scenery

about us was truly grand. A few detached wisps of mist clung to the dark crags of the mountains on the southern shore, and numerous cascades shot out from the peaks, and tumbling from one shelf to another, at length plunged hundreds of feet among confused heaps of rocks in the vale. The crags themselves were extremely picturesque; they beetled out so boldly, a thousand feet above the forests on the sides of the mountain, and appeared to hang so easily and gracefully on the air. Some of them were basaltic. One appeared very remarkable. The mountain on which it stood was about one thousand two hundred feet high. On its side there was a deep rocky ravine. In this, about three hundred feet from the plain, arose a column of thirty or forty feet in diameter, and, I judged more than two hundred feet high, surmounted by a cap resembling the pediment of an ancient church.

Far up its sides grew a number of shrub cedars, which had taken root in the crevices, and, as they grew, sunk down horizontally, forming an irregular fringe of green around it. A short distance further down was seen a beautiful cascade. The stream appeared to rise near the very apex of the

mountain, and having run a number of rods in a dark gorge between two peaks, it suddenly shot from the brink of a cliff into the copse of evergreen trees at the base of the mountain. The height of the perpendicular fall appeared to be about six-hundred feet. Some of the water was dispersed in spray before reaching the ground; but a large quantity of it fell on the plain, and sent among the heights a noisy and thrilling echo. On the north side of the river, the mountains were less precipitous, and covered with a dense forest of pines, cedars, firs, &c.

The bottom lands of the river were alternately prairies and woodlands; the former clad with a heavy growth of the wild grasses, dry and brown—the latter, with pine, fir, cotton-wood, black ash, and various kinds of shrubs. The river varied in width from one to two miles, generally deep and still, but occasionally crossed by sand-bars. Ten or twelve miles below the cascades we came upon one, that, stretching two or three miles down the river, turned the current to the southern shore. The wind blew freshly, and the waves ran high in that quarter; so it was deemed expedient to lighten the canoe. To this

end Mr. Lee, the two Americans and myself, landed on the northern shore for a walk, while the Indians should paddle around to the lower point of the bar. We travelled along the beach. It was generally hard and gravelly.

Among the pebbles, I noticed several splendid specimens of the agate. The soil of the flats was a vegetable mould, eighteen inches or two feet in depth, resting on a stratum of sand and gravel, and evidently overflown by the annual floods of June. The flats varied from a few rods to a mile in width. While enjoying this walk, the two Americans started up a deer, followed it into the woods, and, loth to return unsuccessful, pursued it till long after our canoe was moored below the bar. So that Mr. Lee and myself had abundant time to amuse ourselves with all manner of homely wishes towards our persevering companions till near sunset, when the three barges of Dr. McLaughlin, under their Indian blanket sails and sapling masts, swept gallantly by us, and added the last dreg to our vexation. Mr. Lee was calm, I was furious. What, for a paltry deer, lose a view of the Columbia hence to the Fort! But I remember with satisfaction that no one was materially

injured by my wrath, and that my truant countrymen were sufficiently gratified with their success to enable them to bear with much resignation, three emphatic scowls, as they made their appearance at the canoe.

The dusk of night was now creeping into the valleys, and we had twenty miles to make. The tide from the Pacific was setting up, and the wind had left us; but our Indians suggested that the force of their paddles, stimulated by a small present of "shmoke" (tobacco,) would still carry us in by eleven o'clock. We therefore gave our promises to pay the required quantum of the herb, ensconced ourselves in blankets, and dozed to the wild music of the paddles, till a shower of hail aroused us. It was about ten o'clock. An angry cloud hung over us, and the rain and hail fell fast; the wind from Mounts Washington and Jefferson chilled every fibre of our systems; the wooded hills, on both sides of the river were wrapped in cold brown clouds; the owl and wolf were answering each other on the heights; enough of light lay on the stream to show dimly the islands that divided its waters, and the fires of the wigwams disclosed the naked groups of savages around them.

It was a scene that the imagination loves. The canoe, thirty feet in length, (such another had cut those waters centuries before); the Indians, kneeling two and two, and rising on their paddles; their devoted missionary surveying them and the villages on the shores, and rejoicing in the anticipation, that soon the songs of the redeemed savage would break from the dark vales of Oregon; that those wastes of mind would soon teem with a harvest of happiness and truth, cast a breathing unutterable charm over the deep hues of that green wilderness, dimly seen on that stormy night, which will give me pleasure to dwell upon while I live. "On the bar!" cried Mr. Lee; and while our Indians leaped into the water, and dragged the canoe to the channel, he pointed to the dim light of the Hudson Bay Company's saw and grist mill two miles above on the northern shore.

We were three miles from Vancouver. The Indians knew the bar, and were delighted to find themselves so near the termination of their toil. They soon found the channel, and leaping aboard plied their paddles with renewed energy. And if any one faltered, the steersman rebuked him with his own hopes of "shmoke" and "schejotecut," (the Fort) which never failed

to bring the delinquent to duty. Twenty minutes of vigorous rowing moored us at the landing. A few hundred yards below, floated a ship and a sloop, scarcely seen through the fog. On the shore rose a levee or breastwork, along which the dusky savages were gliding with stealthy and silent tread; in the distance were heard voices in English speaking of home. We landed, ascended the levee, entered a lane between cultivated fields, walked a quarter of a mile, where, under a long line of pickets, we entered Fort Vancouver—the goal of my wanderings, the destination of my weary footsteps!

Mr. James Douglass, the gentleman who had been in charge of the post during the absence of Dr. McLaughlin, conducted us to a room warmed by a well-fed stove; insisted that I should exchange my wet garments for dry ones, and proffered every other act that the kindest hospitality could suggest to relieve me of the discomforts resulting from four months' journeying in the wilderness.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Vancouver—Wappertoo Island—The Willamette River—Its Mouth—The Mountains—Falls—River above the Falls—Arrival at the Lower Settlement—A Kentuckian—Mr. Johnson and his Cabin—Thomas M'Kay and his Mill—Dr. Bailey and Wife and Home—The Neighbouring Farmers—The Methodist Episcopal Mission and Missionaries—Their Modes of Operations—The Wisdom of their Course—Their Improvements, &c.—Return to Vancouver—Mr. Young—Mr. Lee's Misfortune—Descent of the Willamette—Indians—Arrival at Vancouver—Oregon—Its Mountains, Rivers and Soil, and Climate—Shipment for the Sandwich Islands—Life at Vancouver—Descent of the Columbia—Astoria—On the Pacific Sea—The Last View of Oregon—Account of Oregon, by Lieut. Wilkes, Commander of the late exploring Expedition.

On the morning of the 21st, I left the Fort and dropped down the Columbia, five miles, to Wappatoo Island. This large tract of low land is bounded on the south-west, south and south-east, by the mouths of the Willamette, and on the north by the Columbia. The side contiguous to the latter river is about fifteen miles in length; the side bounded by the eastern mouth of

the Willamette about seven miles, and that bounded by the western mouth of the same river about twelve miles. It derives its name from an edible root called *Wappatoo*, which it produces in abundance. It is generally low, and, in the central parts broken with small ponds and marshes, in which the water rises and falls with the river. Nearly the whole surface is overflown by the June freshets. It is covered with a heavy growth of cotton-wood, elm, white-oak, black-ash, alder, and a large species of laurel, and other shrubs. The Hudson Bay Company, some years ago, placed a few hogs upon it, which have subsisted entirely upon roots, acorns, &c. and increased to many hundreds.

I found the Willamette deep enough for ordinary steam-boats, for the distance of twenty miles from its western mouth. One mile below the falls are rapids on which the water was too shallow to float our canoe. The tide rises at this place about fourteen inches. The western shore of the river, from the point where its mouths diverge to this place, consists of lofty mountains rising immediately from the water-side, and covered with pines. On the eastern side, beautiful swells and plains extend from the

Columbia to within five or six miles of the rapids. They are generally covered with pine, white-oak, black-ash, and other kinds of timber. From the point last named to the rapids, wooded mountains crowd down to the verge of the stream. Just below the rapids a very considerable stream comes in from the east. It is said to rise in a champaign country, which commences two or three miles from the Willamette, and extends eastward twenty or thirty miles to the lower hills of the President's range. This stream breaks through the mountain tumultuously, and enters the Willamette with so strong a current, as to endanger boats attempting to pass it. Here were a number of Indian huts, the inmates of which were busied in taking and curing salmon. Between the rapids and the falls, the country adjacent to the river is similar to that just described; mountains clothed with impenetrable forests.

The river, thus far, appeared to have an average width of four hundred yards, water limpid. As we approached the falls, the eastern shore presented a solid wall of basalt, thirty feet in perpendicular height. On the top of this wall was nearly an acre of level area, on which the Hudson Bay Com-

pany have built a log-house. This plain is three or four feet below the level of the water above the falls, and protected from the floods by the intervention of a deep chasm, which separates it from the rocks over which the water pours. This is the best site in the country for extensive flour and lumber-mills. The valley of the Willamette is the only portion of Oregon from which grain can ever, to any extent, become an article of export; and this splendid waterfall can be approached at all seasons, from above and below, by sloops, schooners, &c. The Hudson Bay Company aware of its importance, have commenced a race-way, and drawn timber on the ground, with the apparent intention of erecting such works. On the opposite side is an acre or two of broken ground, which might be similarly occupied.

The falls are formed by a line of dark rock; which stretches diagonally across the stream. The river was low when I passed it, and all the water was discharged at three jets. Two of these were near the eastern shore; the other was near the western shore, and fell into the chasm which divides the rocky plain before named, from the cliffs of the falls. At the mouth of this chasm

my Indians unloaded their canoe, dragged it up the crags, and having borne it on their shoulders eight or ten rods, launched it upon a narrow neck of water by the shore; reloaded, and rowed to the deep water above.

The scene, however, was too interesting to be left so soon, and I tarried awhile to view it. The cataract roared loudly among the caverns, and sent a thousand foaming eddies into the stream below. Countless numbers of salmon were leaping and falling upon the fretted waters; savages almost naked were around me, untrained by the soothing influences of true knowledge, and the hopes of a purer world; as rude as the rocks on which they trod; as bestial as the bear that growled in the thicket. On either hand was the primeval wilderness, with its decaying and perpetually-renewing energies; nothing could be more intensely interesting. I had passed but a moment in these pleasant yet painful reflections, when my Indians, becoming impatient, called me to pursue my voyage.

A mile above the falls a large creek comes in from the west. It is said to rise among the mountains near the Columbia, and to run south and south-east and eastwardly through a series of fine prairies, interspersed

with timber. Above the falls, the mountains rise immediately from the water's edge, clothed with noble forests of pine, &c.; but at the distance of fifteen miles above, their green ridges give place to grassy and wooded swells on the west, and timbered and prairie plains on the eastern side. This section of the river appeared navigable for any craft that could float in the stream below the falls.

It was dark when I arrived at the level country; and emerging suddenly in sight of a fire on the western bank, my Indians cried "Boston!" Boston!" and turned the canoe ashore to give me an opportunity of speaking with a fellow countryman. He was sitting in the drizzling rain, by a large log-fire —a stalwart six foot Kentucky trapper. After long service in the American Fur Companies, among the rocky mountains, he had come down to the Willamette, accompanied by an Indian woman and his child, selected a place to build his home, made an "improvement," sold it, and was now commencing another. He entered my canoe and steered across the river to a Mr. Johnson's. "I am sorry I can't keep you," said he, "but I reckon you'll sleep better under shingles, than this stormy sky. Johnson

will be glad to see you. He's got a good shantee, and something for you to eat."

We soon crossed the stream, and entered the cabin of Mr. Johnson. It was a hewn log structure, about twenty feet square, with a mud chimney, hearth and fire-place. The furniture consisted of one chair, a number of wooden benches, a rude bedstead covered with flag mats, and several sheet-iron kettles, earthen plates, knives and forks, tin pint cups, an Indian wife, and a brace of brown boys. I passed the night pleasantly with Mr. Johnson; and in the morning rose early to go to the Methodist Episcopal Mission, twelve miles above. But the old hunter detained me to breakfast; and afterwards insisted that I should view his premises, while his boy should gather the horses to convey me on my way. And a sight of fenced fields, many acres of wheat and oat-stubble, potato-fields, and garden-vegetables of all description, and a barn well stored with the gathered harvest compensated me for the delay. Adjoining Mr. Johnson's farm were four others, on all of which there were from fifty to a hundred acres under cultivation, and substantial log-houses and barns.

One of these belonged to Thomas M'Kay,

son of M'Kay, who figured with Mr. Astor in the doings of the Pacific Fur Company.

After surveying these marks of civilization, I found a Dr. Bailey waiting with his horses to convey me to his home. We accordingly mounted, bade adieu to the old trapper of Hudson Bay and other parts of the frozen north, and went to view M'Kay's mill. A grist-mill in Oregon! We found him working at his dam. Near by lay French burr stones, and some portions of substantial and well-fashioned iron work. The frame of the mill-house was raised and shingled; and an excellent structure it was. The whole expense of the establishment, when completed, is expected to be £1,400 or £1,600. M'Kay's mother is a Cree or Chippeway Indian; and M'Kay himself is a compound of the two races. The contour of his frame and features, is Scotch; his manners and intellects strongly tinctured with the Indian. He has been in the service of the Fur Companies all his life, save some six or seven years past; and by his daring enterprise, and courage in battle has rendered himself the terror of the Oregon Indians.

Leaving M'Kay's mill, we travelled along a circuitous track through a heavy forest of fir and pine, and emerged into a beautiful

little prairie, at the side of which stood the doctor's neat hewn log cabin, sending its cheerful smoke among the lofty pine tops in its rear. We soon sat by a blazing fire, and the storm that had pelted us all the way, lost its unpleasantness in the delightful society of my worthy host and his amiable wife. I passed the night with them. The doctor is a Scotchman, his wife a Yankee. The former had seen many adventures in California and Oregon and had his face very much slashed in a contest with the Shasty Indians near the southern border of Oregon. The latter had come from the States, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and had consented to share the bliss and ills of life with the adventurous Gael; and a happy little family they were.

The next day Mrs. Bailey kindly undertook to make me a blanket coat by the time I should return, and the worthy doctor and myself started for the Mission. About a mile on our way, we called at a farm occupied by an American, who acted as blacksmith and gunsmith for the settlement. He appeared to have a good set of tools for his mechanical business, and plenty of custom. He had also a considerable tract of land under fence, and a comfortable house and

out-buildings. A mile or two farther on, we came upon the cabin of a Yankee tinker: an odd fellow, this; glad to see a countryman, ready to serve him in any way, and to discuss the matter of a canal across the isthmus of Darien, the northern lights, English monopolies, Symmes's Hole, Tom Paine, and wooden nutmegs. Farther on, we came to the Catholic Chapel, a low wooden building, thirty-five or forty feet in length; and the parsonage, a comfortable log cabin.

Beyond these, scattered over five miles of country, were fifteen or twenty farms, occupied by Americans and retired servants of the Hudson Bay Company. Twelve or thirteen miles from the doctor's we came in sight of the Mission premises. They consisted of three log cabins, a blacksmith's shop, and outbuildings, on the east bank of the Willamette, with large and well cultivated farms round about; and a farm, on which were a large frame house, hospital, barn, &c., half a mile to the eastward. We alighted at the last-named establishment, and were kindly received by Dr. White and his lady. This gentleman is the physician of the Mission, and is thoroughly devoted to the amelioration of the physical condition of the natives.

For this object, a large hospital was being erected near his dwelling, for the reception of patients. I passed the night with the doctor and his family, and the following day visited the other Mission families. Every one appeared happy in his benevolent work.—Mr. Daniel Leslie, in preaching and superintending general matters; Mr. Cyrus Shepard, in teaching letters to about thirty half-breed and Indian children; Mr. J. C. Whitecomb, in teaching them to cultivate the earth; and Mr. Alanson Beers, in blacksmithing for the mission and the Indians, and instructing a few young men in his art. I spent four or five days with these people, and had a fine opportunity to learn their characters, the objects they had in view, and the means they took to accomplish them. They belong to that zealous class of Protestants called Methodist Episcopalians. Their religious feelings are warm, and accompanied with a strong faith and great activity. In energy and fervent zeal, they reminded me of the Plymouth pilgrims, so true in heart, and so deeply interested were they with the principles and emotions which they are endeavouring to inculcate upon those around them. Their hospitality and friendship were

of the purest and most disinterested character. I shall have reason to remember long and gratefully the kind and generous manner in which they supplied my wants.

Their object in settling in Oregon I understood to be twofold; the one and principal, to civilize and christianize the Indians; the other, and not less important, the establishment of religious and literary institutions for the benefit of white emigrants. Their plan of operation on the Indians, is to learn their various languages, for the purposes of itinerant preaching, and of teaching the young the English language. The scholars are also instructed in agriculture, the regulations of a well-managed household, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography.

The principles and duties of the Christian religion form a very considerable part of the system. They have succeeded very satisfactorily in the several parts of their undertaking. The preachers of the Mission have traversed the wilderness, and by their untiring devotion to their work, wrought many changes in the moral condition of these proverbially debased savages; while with their schools they have afforded

them ample means for intellectual improvement.

They have many hundred acres of land under the plough, and cultivated chiefly by the native pupils. They have more than a hundred head of horned cattle, thirty or forty horses, and many swine. They have granaries filled with wheat, oats, barley, and peas, and cellars well stored with vegetables.

A site had already been selected on the opposite side of the river for an academical building; a court of justice had been organised by the popular voice; a military corps was about to be formed for the protection of settlers, and other measures were in progress, at once showing that the American, with his characteristic energy and enterprize, and the philanthropist, with his holy aspirations for the improvement of the human condition, had crossed the snowy barrier of the mountain, to mingle with the dashing waves of the Pacific seas the sweet music of a busy and virtuous civilization.

During my stay here, several American citizens, unconnected with the Mission, called on me to talk of their fatherland, and inquire as to the probability that its

laws would be extended over them. The constantly repeated inquiries were—

"Why are we left without protection in this part of our country's domain? Why are foreigners permitted to domineer over American citizens, drive their traders from the country, and make us as dependent on them for the clothes we wear, as are their own apprenticed slaves?"

I could return no answer to these questions, exculpatory of this national delinquency, and therefore advised them to embody their grievances in a petition, and forward it to Congress. They had a meeting for that purpose, and afterwards put into my hand a petition, signed by sixty-seven citizens of the United States, and persons desirous of becoming such, the substance of which was, a description of the country, their unprotected situation, and, in conclusion, a prayer that the Federal Government would extend over them the protection and institutions of the Republic. Five or six of the Willamette settlers, for some reason, had not an opportunity to sign this paper. The Catholic priest refused to do it.

These people have put fifty or sixty fine

farms under cultivation in the Willamette valley, amidst the most discouraging circumstances. They have erected for themselves comfortable dwellings and outbuildings, and have herds of excellent cattle, which they have from time to time driven up from California, at great expense of property and even life. The reader will find it difficult to learn any sufficient reasons for their being left by the Government without the institutions of civilised society. Their condition is truly deplorable. They are liable to be arrested for debt or crime, and conveyed to the jails of Canada!

For, in that case, the business of British subjects is interfered with, who, by way of retaliation, will withhold the supplies of clothing, household goods, &c., which the settlers have no other means of obtaining. Nor is this all. The civil condition of the territory being such as virtually to prohibit the emigration to any extent of useful and desirable citizens, they have nothing to anticipate from any considerable increase of their numbers, nor any amelioration of their state to look for, from the accession of female society.

In the desperation incident to their lonely lot, they take wives from the Indian tribes around them. What will be the ultimate consequence of this unpardonable negligence on the part of the Government upon the future destinies of Oregon cannot be clearly predicted; but it is manifest that it must be disastrous in the highest degree, both as to its claims to the sovereignty of that territory, and the moral condition of its inhabitants.

Mr. W. H. Wilson, superintendent of a branch mission on Puget's Sound, chanced to be at the Willamette station, whose polite attentions it affords me pleasure to acknowledge. He accompanied me on many excursions in the valley, and to the heights, for the purpose of showing me the country. I was also indebted to him for much information relative to the Cowelitz and its valley, and the region about the sound, which will be found on a succeeding page.

My original intention had been to pass the winter in exploring Oregon, and to have returned to the States the following summer, with the American Fur traders. But having learned from various credible sources, that

little dependence could be placed upon meeting them at their usual place of rendezvous on Green river, and that the prospect of getting back to the States by that route would, consequently, be exceedingly doubtful, I felt constrained to abandon the attempt. My next wish was to have gone by land to California, and thence home through the northern States of Mexico. In order, however, to accomplish this with safety, a force of twenty-five men was indispensable ; and as that number could not be raised, I was compelled to give up all hopes of returning by that route.

The last and only practicable means then of seeking home during the next twelve months, was to go to the Sandwich Islands, and ship thence for New York or California, as opportunity might offer. One of the company's vessels was then lying at Vancouver, receiving a cargo of lumber for the Island market, and I determined to take passage in her. Under these circumstances, it behoved me to hasten my return to the Columbia. Accordingly, on the 20th I left the mission, visited Dr. Bailey and lady, and went to Mr. Johnson's to take a canoe down the river. On reaching this

place, I found Mr. Lee, who had been to the Mission establishment on the Williamette for the fall supplies of wheat, pork, lard, butter, &c., for his station of the "Dalles."

He had left the Mission two days before my departure, and giving his canoe, laden with these valuables, in charge of his Indians, proceeded to the highlands by land. He had arrived at Mr. Johnson's, when a message reached him to the effect that his canoe had been upset, and its entire contents discharged into the stream. He immediately repaired to the scene of this disaster, where I found him busied in attempting to save some part of his cargo. All the wheat, and a part of the other supplies, together with his gun and other paraphernalia, were lost. I made arrangements to go down with him when he should be ready, and left him to call upon a Captain Young, an American ex-trader, who was settled near. This gentleman had formerly explored California and Oregon in quest of beaver—had been plundered by the Mexican authorities of £4,000 worth of fur; and, wearied at last with his ill-luck, settled nine or ten years ago on a small tributary of the Willamette coming in from the west.

Here he has erected a saw and grist mill, and opened a farm. He has been many times to California for cattle, and now owns about one hundred head, a fine band of horses, swine, &c. He related to me many incidents of his hardships, among which the most surprising was, that for a number of years, the Hudson Bay Company refused to sell him a shred of clothing; and as there were no other traders in the country, he was compelled during their pleasure to wear skins.* A false report that he had been guilty of some dishonourable act in California was the alleged cause for this treatment; but perhaps, a better reason would be, that Mr. Young occasionally purchased beaver skins in the American territory.

I spent the night of the 12th with the excellent old captain, and in the afternoon of the 13th, in company with my friend Mr. Lee, descended the Willamette as far as the Falls. Here we passed the night, more to the apparent satisfaction of vermin than of ourselves. These creature comforts abound in Oregon. But it was not these alone that made our lodging at the

* The reader will take notice that this is an ex-parte statement.—Ed.

Falls a rosy circumstance for memory's wastes. The mellifluent odour of salmon offal regaling our nasal sensibilities, and the squalling of a copper-coloured baby, uttered in all the sweetest intonations of such an instrument, falling with the liveliest notes upon the ear, made me dream of war to the knife, till the sun called us to our day's travel.

Five miles below the Falls, Mr. Lee and myself left the canoe, and struck across about fourteen miles to an Indian village on the bank of the Columbia opposite Vancouver. It was a collection of mud and straw huts, surrounded and filled with filth which might be smelt two hundred yards. We hired one of these cits to take us across the river, and at sunset of the 15th, were comfortably seated by the stove in "Bachelor's Hall" of Fort Vancouver.

The rainy season had now thoroughly set in. Travelling any considerable distance in open boats, or among the tangled underbrush on foot, or on horseback, was quite impracticable. I therefore determined to avail myself of whatever other means of information were in my reach; and as the gentleman in charge of the various trading-

posts in the territory, had arrived at Vancouver to meet the express from London, I could not have had for this object a more favourable opportunity. The information obtained from these gentlemen, and from other residents in the country, I have relied on as correct, and combined it with my own observations in the following general account of Oregon.

Oregon Territory is bounded on the north by the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude; on the east by the Rocky Mountains; on the south by the parallel of 42 deg. north latitude; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

Mountains of Oregon. Different sections of the great chain of highlands which stretch from the straits of Magellan to the Arctic sea, have received different names—as the Andes, the Cordilleras, the Anahuac, the Rocky and the Chippewayan Mountains. The last mentioned appellation has been applied to that portion of it which lies between 58° of north latitude and the Arctic sea. The Hudson Bay Company, in completing the survey of the Arctic coast, have ascertained that these mountains preserve a strongly defined outline entirely to the sea, and hang in towering cliffs over it,

and by other surveys have discovered that they gradually increase in height from the sea southward.

The section to which the term Rocky Mountains has been applied, extends from latitude 58° to the Great Gap, or southern pass, in latitude 42° north. Their altitude is greater than that of any other range on the northern part of the continent. Mr. Thompson, the astronomer of the Hudson Bay Company, reports that he found peaks between latitudes 53 and 56 north, more than twenty-six thousand feet above the level of the sea. That portion lying east of Oregon, and dividing it from the Great Prairie Wilderness, will be particularly noticed. Its southern point is in the Wind River cluster, latitude 42° north, and about seven hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. Its northern point is in latitude 54° 40′, about seventy miles north of Mount Browne, and about four hundred miles from the same sea. Its general direction between these points is from N. N. W. to S. S. E.

This range is generally covered with perpetual snows; and for this and other causes is generally impassable for man or beast. There are, however, several gaps through

which the Indians and others cross to the great Prairie Wilderness. The northernmost is between the peaks Browne and Hooker. This is used by the fur traders in their journeys from the Columbia to Canada. Another lies between the head waters of the Flathead and the Marias rivers. Another runs from Lewis and Clarke's river to the southern head waters of the Missouri. Another lies up Henry's fork for the Saptin, in a north-easterly course to the Big-horn branch of the Yellow-stone. And still another, and most important of all, is situated between Wind river cluster and Long's mountains.

There are several spurs or lateral branches protruding from the main chain, which are worthy of notice. The northernmost of these parts off north of Fraser's river, and embraces the sources of that stream. It is a broad collection of heights, thinly covered with pines. Some of the tops are covered with snow nine months of the year. A spur from these passes far down between Fraser's and Columbia rivers. This is a line of rather low elevations, thickly clothed with pines, cedar, &c. The highest portions of them lie near the Columbia. Another spur

puts out on the south of Mount Hooker, and lies in the bend of the Columbia, above the two lakes.

These are lofty and bare of vegetation. Another lies between the Flatbow and Flathead rivers; another between the Flathead and Spokan rivers; another between the Kooskooskie and Wapicakoos rivers. These spurs, which lie between the head waters of the Columbia and the last mentioned river have usually been considered in connexion with a range running off S. W. from the lower part of the Saptin, and called the Blue Mountains. But there are two sufficient reasons why this is an error. The first is, that these spurs are separate and distinct from each other, and are all manifestly merely spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and closely connected with them.

And the second is, that no one of them is united in any one point with the Blue Mountains. They cannot therefore be considered a part of the Blue Mountain chain, and should not be known by the same name. The mountains which lie between the Wapicakoos river and the upper waters of the Saptin, will be described by saying that they are a vast cluster of dark naked heights, descending from the average elevation of fifteen thousand feet—the altitude of the

great western ridge—to about eight thousand feet—the elevation of the eastern wall of the valley of the Saptin. The only qualifying fact that should be attached to this description is, that there are a few small hollows among these mountains, called "holes;" which in general appearance resemble Brown's hole, mentioned in a previous chapter; but unlike the latter, they are too cold to allow of cultivation.

The last spur that deserves notice in this place is that which is called the "Snowy Mountains." It has already been described in this work; and it can only be necessary here to repeat that it branches off from the Wind river peak in latitude 41° north, and runs in an irregular broken line to Cape Mendocino, in Upper California.

The Blue Mountains are a range of heights which commence at the Saptin, about twenty miles above its junction with the Columbia, near the 46° of north latitude, and run south-westerly about two hundred miles, and terminate in a barren, rolling plain. They are separated from the Rocky Mountains by the valley of the Saptin, and are unconnected with any other range. Some of their loftiest peaks are more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Many beautiful valleys, many hills covered

with bunch grass, and very many extensive swells covered with heavy yellow pine forests, are found among them.

The President's range is in every respect the most interesting in Oregon. It is a part of a chain of highlands, which commences at Mount St. Elias, and gently diverging from the coast, terminates in the arid hills about the head of the Gulf of California. It is a line of extinct volcanoes, where the fires, the evidences of whose intense power are seen over the whole surface of Oregon, found their principal vents. It has twelve lofty peaks; two of which, Mount St. Elias and Mount Fairweather, lie near latitude 55° north; and ten of which lie south of latitude 49° north. Five of these latter have received names from British navigators and traders.

The other five have received from American travellers, and Mr. Kelly, the names of deceased Presidents of the Republic. Mr. Kelly, I believe, was the first individual who suggested a name for the whole range. For convenience in description I have adopted it. And although it is a matter in which no one can find reasons for being very much interested, yet if there is any propriety in adopting Mr. Kelly's name for the whole

chain, there might seem to be as much in following his suggestion, that all the principal peaks should bear the names of those distinguished men, whom the suffrages of the people that own Oregon* have from time to time called to administer their national government. I have adopted this course.

Mount Tyler is situated near latitude forty-nine degrees north, and about twenty miles from the eastern shore of those waters between Vancouver's Island, and the continent. It is clad with perpetual snow. Mount Harrison is situated a little more than a degree south of Mount Tyler, and about thirty miles east by north of Puget's Sound. It is covered with perpetual snow. Mount Van Buren stands on the isthmus between Puget's Sound and the Pacific. It is a lofty, wintry peak, seen in clear weather eighty miles at sea. Mount Adams lies under the parallel of forty-five degrees, about twenty-five miles north of the cascades of the Columbia. This is one of the finest peaks of the chain, clad with eternal snows, five thousand feet down its sides. Mount Washington lies a little north of the forty-fourth degree north, and about twenty miles

* The reader will remember that our Author is an American.—Ed.

south of the Cascades. It is a perfect cone, and is said to rise seventeen thousand or eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. More than half its height is covered with perpetual snows. Mount Jefferson is an immense peak under latitude forty-one and a half degrees north. It received its name from Lewis and Clark. Mount Madison is the Mount McLaughlin of the British fur-traders. Mount Monroe is in latitude forty-three degrees twenty minutes north, and Mount John Quincy Adams is in forty-two degrees ten minutes; both covered with perpetual snow. . . .

Mount Jackson is in latitude forty-one degrees ten minutes. It is the largest and highest pinnacle of the President's range. This chain of mountains runs parallel with the Rocky Mountains, between three hundred and four hundred miles from them. Its average distance from the coast of the Pacific, south of latitude forty-nine degrees, is about one hundred miles. The spaces between the peaks are occupied by elevated heights, covered with an enormous growth of the several species of pines, and firs, and the red cedar, many of which rise two hundred feet without a limb; and are five, six, seven, eight, and even nine fathoms in circumference at the ground.

On the south side of the Columbia, at the Cascades, a range of low mountains puts off from the President's range, and running down parallel to the river, terminates in a point of land on which Astoria was built. Its average height is about one thousand five hundred feet above the river. Near the Cascades the tops are higher; and in some instances are beautifully castellated. They are generally covered with dense pine and fir forests. From the north side of the Cascades, a similar range runs down to the sea, and terminates in Cape Disappointment. This range also is covered with forests. Another range runs on the brink of the coast, from Cape Mendocino in Upper California to the Straits de Fuca. This is generally bare of trees; mere masses of dark stratified rocks, piled many hundred feet in height. It rises immediately from the borders of the sea, and preserves nearly a right line course, during their entire length. The lower portion of the eastern sides is clothed with heavy pine and spruce, fir and cedar forests.

I have described in previous pages the great southern branch of the Columbia, called Saptin by the natives who live on its banks, and the valley of volcanic deserts, through which it runs, as well as the Co-

lumbia and its cavernous vale, from its junction with the Saptin to Fort Vancouver, ninety miles from the sea.* I shall therefore in the following notice of the rivers of Oregon, speak only of those parts of this and other streams, and their valleys about them, which remain undescribed.

That portion of the Columbia, which lies above its junction with the Saptin, latitude forty-six degrees eight minutes north, is navigable for bateaux to the boat encampment at the base of the Rocky Mountains, about the fifty-third degree of north latitude, a distance, by the course of the stream, of about five hundred miles. The current is strong, and interrupted by five considerable and several lesser rapids, at which there are short portages. The country on both sides of the river, from its junction with the Saptin to the mouth of the Spokan, is a dreary waste. The soil is a light yellowish composition of sand and clay, generally destitute of vegetation. In a few nooks, irrigated by mountain streams, are found small patches of the short grass of the plains interspersed with another species which grows in tufts or bunches four or five feet in height. A few shrubs (as the small willow, the sumac, and furze), appear in distant and solitary

groups. There are no trees; generally nothing green; a mere brown drifting desert; as far as the Oakanagan River, two hundred and eight miles, a plain, the monotonous desolation of which is relieved only by the noble river running through it, and an occasional cliff of volcanic rocks bursting through its arid surface.

The river Oakanagan is a large, fine stream, originating in a large lake of the same name situate in the mountains, about one hundred miles north of its mouth. The soil in the neighbourhood of this stream is generally worthless. Near its union, however, with the Columbia, there are a number of small plains tolerably well clothed with the wild grasses; and near its lake are found hills covered with small timber. On the point of land between this stream and the Columbia, the Pacific Fur Company in 1811 established a trading post. This in 1814 passed by purchase into the hands of the North-West Fur Company of Canada, and in 1819 by the union of that body with the Hudson Bay Company, passed into the possession of the united company under the name of Hudson Bay Company. It is still occupied by them under its old name of Fort Oakanagan.

From this post, latitude forty-eight degrees six minutes, and longitude one hundred and seventeen degrees west, along the Columbia to the Spokan, the country is as devoid of wood as that below. The banks of the river are bold and rocky, the stream is contracted with narrow limits, and the current strong and vexed with dangerous eddies.

The Spokan river rises among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains east south-east of the mouth of the Oakanagan, and, after a course of about fifty miles, forms the Pointed Heart Lake, twenty-five miles in length, and ten or twelve in width; and running thence in a north-westerly direction about one hundred and twenty miles, empties itself into the Columbia. About sixty miles from its mouth, the Pacific Fur Company erected a trading-post, which they called the "Spokan House." Their successors are understood to have abandoned it. Above the Pointed Heart Lake, the banks of this river are usually high and bold mountains, sparsely covered with pines and cedars of a fine size. Around the lake are some grass lands, many edible roots, and wild fruits. On all the remaining course of the stream, are found at inter-

vals productive spots capable of yielding moderate crops of the grains and vegetables. There is considerable pine and cedar timber on the neighbouring hills; and near the Columbia are large forests growing on sandy plains. In a word, the Spokan valley can be extensively used as a grazing district; but its agricultural capabilities are limited.

Mr. Spaulding, an American missionary, made a journey across this valley to Fort Colville, in March 1837, in relation to which, he thus writes to Mr. Levi, Chamberlain of the Sandwich Islands: "The third day from home we came to snow, and on the fourth, came to what I call quicksands, plains mixed with pine trees and rocks. The body of snow upon the plains was interspersed with bare spots under the standing pines. For these, our poor animals would plunge whenever they came near, after wallowing in the snow and mud until the last nerve seemed almost exhausted, naturally expecting a resting-place for their struggling limbs; but they were no less disappointed and discouraged; doubtless, than I was astonished, to see the noble animals go down by the side of a rock or pine tree, till their bodies struck the surface."

The same gentleman, in speaking of this valley, and the country generally, lying north of the Columbia, and claimed by the United States and Great Britain, says, "It is probably not worth half the money and time that will be spent in talking about it."

The country, from the Spokan to Kettle Falls, is broken into hills and mountains thinly covered with wood, and picturesque in appearance, among which there is supposed to be no arable land. A little below Kettle Falls, in latitude 48°, 37′ is a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, called Fort Colville. Mr. Spaulding thus describes it:—"Fort Colville is two hundred miles west of north from this, (his station on the Clear Water), three days below Flatland River, one day above Spokan, one hundred miles above Oakanagan, and three hundred miles above Fort Wallawalla. It stands on a small plain of two thousand or three thousand acres, said to be the only arable land on the Columbia, above Vancouver. There are one or two barns, a blacksmith shop, a good flour mill, several houses for labourers, and good buildings for the gentlemen in charge."

"Mr. McDonald raises this year (1837)

about three thousand five hundred bushels of different grains, such as wheat, peas, barley, oats, corn, buckwheat, &c., and as many potatoes; has eighty head of cattle, and one hundred hogs. This post furnishes supplies of provisions for a great many forts north, south, and west. The country on both sides of the stream, from Kettle Falls to within four miles of the lower Lake, is covered with dense forests of pine, spruce, and small birch. The northwestern shore is rather low, but the southern high and rocky. In this distance are several tracts of rich bottom land, covered with a kind of creeping red clover, and the white species common to the States. The lower lake of the Columbia is about thirty-five miles in length, and four or five in breadth. Its shores are bold, and clad with a heavy growth of pine, spruce, &c. From these waters the voyager obtains the first view of the snowy heights in the main chain of the Rocky Mountains.

The Flathead River enters into the Columbia a short distance above Fort Colville. It is as long, and discharges nearly as much water as that part of Columbia above their junction. It rises near the

sources of the Missouri and Sascatchawine. The ridges which separate them are said to be easy to pass. It falls into the Columbia over a confused heap of immense rocks, just above the place where the latter stream forms the Kettle Falls, in its passage through a spur of the Rocky Mountains. About one hundred miles from its mouth, the Flathead River forms a lake thirty-six miles long and seven or eight wide. It is called Lake Kullerspelm. A rich and beautiful country spreads off from it in all directions, to the bases of lofty mountains covered with perpetual snows. Forty or fifty miles above this lake, is the "Flathead House," a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company.

McGillivray's, or Flat Bow River, rises in the Rocky Mountains, and running a tortuous westerly course about three hundred miles, among the snowy heights, and some extensive and somewhat productive valleys, enters the Columbia four miles below the Lower Lake. Its banks are generally mountainous, and in some places covered with pine forests. On this stream, also, the indefatigable British fur traders have a post, "Fort Kootania," situated

about one hundred and thirty miles from its mouth. Between the lower and upper lakes of the Columbia, are "the Straits," a narrow, compressed passage of the river among jutting rocks. It is four or five miles in length, and has a current, swift, whirling, and difficult to stem. The upper lake is of less dimensions than the lower; but, if possible, surrounded by more broken and romantic scenery, forests overhung by lofty tiers of wintry mountains, from which rush a thousand torrents, fed by the melting snows.

Two miles above this lake, the Columbia runs through a narrow, rocky channel. This place is called the Lower Dalles. The shores are strewn with immense quantities of fallen timber, among which still stand heavy and impenetrable forests. Thirty-five miles above is the Upper Dalles; the waters are crowded into a compressed channel, among hanging and slippery rocks, foaming and whirling fearfully. A few miles above this place, is the head of navigation, "The Boat encampment," where the traders leave their bateaux, in their overland journeys to Canada. The country from the upper lake to this place, is a col-

lection of mountains, thickly covered with pine, and spruce, and fir trees of very large size.

. Here commences the "Rocky Mountain portage," to the navigable waters on the other side. Its track runs up a wide and cheerless valley, on the north of which, tiers of mountains rise to a great height, thickly studded with immense pines and cedars, while on the south are seen towering cliffs, partially covered with mosses and stinted pines, over which tumble, from the ices above, numerous and noisy cascades. Two days' travel up the desolate valley, brings the traveller to "La Grande Cote," the principal ridge. This you climb in two hours. Around the base of this ridge, the trees, pines, &c., are of enormous size; but in ascending, they decrease in size, till on the summit they become little else than shrubs.

On a table land of this height, are found two lakes a few hundred yards apart; the waters of one of which flow down the valley just described, to the Columbia, and thence to the North Pacific; while those of the other, forming the Rocky Mountain River, run thence into the Athabasca, and thence through Peace River, the Great Slave Lake,

and McKenzie's River, into the Northern Arctic Ocean. The scenery around these lakes is highly interesting. In the north, rises Mount Browne, sixteen thousand feet, and in the south, Mount Hooker, fifteen thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. In the west, descends a vast tract of secondary mountains, bare and rocky, and noisy with tumbling avalanches. In the vales are groves of the winter-loving pine. In the east roll away undulations of barren heights beyond the range of sight. It seems to be the very citadel of desolation; where the god of the north wind elaborates his icy streams, and frosts, and blasts, in every season of the year.

Frazer's River rises between latitudes 55° and 56° north, and after a course of about one hundred and fifty miles, nearly due south, falls into the Straits de Fuca, under latitude 49° north. It is so much obstructed by rapids and falls, as to be of little value for purposes of navigation. The face of the country about its mouth, and for fifty miles above, is mountainous and covered with dense forests of white pine, cedar, and other evergreen trees. The soil is an indifferent vegetable deposit six or seven inches in depth, resting on a stratum of sand or

coarse gravel. The whole remaining portion of the valley is said to be cut with low mountains running north-westwardly and south-eastwardly; among which are immense tracts of marshes and lakes, formed by cold torrents from the heights that encircle them. The soil not thus occupied, is too poor for successful cultivation. Mr. Macgillivray, the person in charge at Fort Alexandria, in 1827, says: "All the vegetables we planted, notwithstanding the utmost care and precaution, nearly failed; and the last crop of potatoes did not yield one-fourth of the seed planted." The timber of this region consists of all the varieties of the fir, the spruce, pine, poplar, willow, cedar, cyprus, birch and alder.

The climate is very peculiar. The spring opens about the middle of April. From this time the weather is delightful till the end of May. In June the south wind blows, and brings incessant rains. In July and August the heat is almost insupportable. In September the whole valley is enveloped in fogs so dense, that objects one hundred yards distant cannot be seen till ten o'clock in the day. In October the leaves change their colour and begin to fall. In November, the lakes, and portions of the rivers are

frozen. The winter months bring snow. It is seldom severely cold. The mercury in Fahrenheit's scale sinks a few days only, as low as ten or twelve degrees below zero.

That part of Oregon bounded on the north by Shmillamen River, and on the east by Oakanagan and Columbia Rivers, south by the Columbia, and west by the President's Range, is a broken plain, partially covered with the short and bunch grasses; but so destitute of water, that a small portion only of it, can ever be depastured. The eastern and middle portions of it are destitute of timber — a mere sunburnt waste. The northern part has a few wooded hills and streams, and prairie valleys. Among the lower hills of the President's Range, too, there are considerable pine and fir forests; and rather extensive prairies, watered by small mountain streams; but nearly all of the whole surface of this part of Oregon, is a worthless desert.

The tract bounded north by the Columbia, east by the Blue Mountains, south by the forty-second parallel of north latitude, and west by the President's Range, is a plain of vast rolls or swells, of a light, yellowish, sandy clay, partially covered with the short and bunch grasses, mixed with the prickly

pear and wild wormwood. But water is so very scarce, that it can never be generally fed; unless, indeed, as some travellers, in their praises of this region, seem to suppose, the animals that usually live by eating and drinking, should be able to dispense with the latter, in a climate where nine months in the year, not a particle of rain or dew falls, to moisten a soil as dry and loose as a heap of ashes. On the banks of the Luhon, John Days, Umatalla, and Wallawalla Rivers — which have an average length of thirty miles — without doubt, extensive tracts of grass may be found in the neighbourhood of water; but it is also true that not more than a fifth part of the surface within twenty-five miles of these streams, bears grass or any other vegetation.

The portion also which borders the Columbia, produces some grass. But of a strip six miles in width, and extending from the Dalles to the mouth of the Saptin, not an hundredth part bears the grasses; and the sides of the chasm of the river are so precipitous, that not a fiftieth part of this can be fed by animals which drink at that stream. In proceeding southward on the head waters of the small streams, John Days and Umatalla, the face of the plain rises gradually

into vast irregular swells, destitute of timber and water. On the Blue Mountains are a few pine and spruce trees of an inferior growth. On the right tower the white peaks and thickly wooded hills of the President's Range.

The space south-east of the Blue Mountains is a barren, thirsty waste, of light, sandy, and clayey soil—strongly impregnated with nitre. A few small streams run among the sand hills; but they are so strongly impregnated with various kinds of salts, as to be unfit for use. These brooks empty themselves into the lakes, the waters of which are salter than the ocean. Near latitude 43° north, the Klamet River rises and runs westerly, through the President's Range. On these waters are a few productive valleys; westwardly from them to the Saptin the country is dry and worthless.

The part of Oregon lying between the Straits de Fuca on the north, the President's Range on the east, the Columbia on the south, and the ocean on the west, is thickly covered with pines, cedars, and firs of extraordinary size; and beneath these, a growth of brush and brambles which defies the most vigorous foot to penetrate. Along the banks of the Columbia, indeed, strips

of prairie may be met with, varying from a few rods to three miles in width, and often several miles in length; and even amidst the forests are found a few open spaces.

The banks of the Cowelitz, too, are denuded of timber for forty miles; and around the Straits de Fuca and Puget's Sound, are large tracts of open country. But the whole tract lying within the boundaries just defined, is of little value except for its timber. The forests are so heavy and so matted with brambles, as to require the arm of a Hercules to clear a farm of one hundred acres in an ordinary life-time; and the mass of timber is so great that an attempt to subdue it by girdling would result in the production of another forest before the ground could be disencumbered of what was thus killed. The small prairies among the woods are covered with wild grasses, and are useful as pastures.

The soil of these, like that of the timbered portions, is a vegetable mould, eight or ten inches in thickness, resting on a stratum of hard blue clay and gravel. The valley of the Cowelitz is poor—the soil, thin, loose, and much washed, can be used as pasture grounds for thirty miles up the stream. At about that distance some tracts

of fine land occur. The prairies on the banks of the Columbia would be valuable land for agricultural purposes, if they were not generally overflown by the freshets in June—the month of all the year when crops are most injured by such an occurrence. It is impossible to dyke out the water; for the soil rests upon an immense bed of gravel and quicksand, through which it will leach in spite of such obstructions.

The tract of the territory lying between the Columbia on the north, the President's range on the east, the parallel of forty-two degrees of north latitude on the south, and the ocean on the west, is the most beautiful and valuable portion of the Oregon Territory. A good idea of the form of its surface may be derived from a view of its mountains and rivers as laid down on the map. On the south tower the heights of the snowy mountains; on the west the naked peaks of the coast range; on the north the green peaks of the river range; and on the east the lofty shining cones of the President's range—around whose frozen bases cluster a vast collection of minor mountains, clad with the mightiest pine and cedar forests on the face of the earth! The principal rivers are the Klamet and the Umpqua in the southwest, and the Willamette in the north.

The Umpqua enters these in a latitude forty-three degrees, thirty minutes north. It is three-fourths of a mile in width at its mouth; water two-and-a-half fathoms on its bar; the tide sets up thirty miles from the sea; its banks are steep and covered with pines and cedars, &c. Above tide water the stream is broken by rapids and falls. It has a westwardly course of about one hundred miles. The face of the country about it is somewhat broken; in some parts covered with heavy pine and cedar timber, in others with grass only; said to be a fine valley for cultivation and pasturage. The pines on this river grow to an enormous size: two hundred and fifty feet in height—and from fifteen to more than fifty feet in circumference;* the cones or seed vessels are in the form of an egg, and oftentimes more than a foot in length; the seeds are as large as the castor bean. Farther south is another stream, which joins the ocean twenty-three miles from the outlet of the Umpqua. At its mouth are many bays; and the surrounding country is less broken than the valley of the Umpqua.

* This appears extravagant, but the fact cannot be disputed. It may be observed, however, that the wood, from its rapid growth, has but little weight—half that of the common pine or deal.—ED.

Farther south still, is another stream called the Klamet. It rises, as is said, in the plain east of Mount Madison, and running a westerly course of one hundred and fifty miles, enters the ocean forty or fifty miles south of the Umpqua. The pine and cedar disappear upon this stream; and instead of them are found a myrtaceous tree of small size, which, when shaken by the least breeze, diffuses a delicious fragrance through the groves. The face of the valley is gently undulating, and in every respect desirable for cultivation and grazing.

The Willamette rises in the President's range, near the sources of the Klamet. Its general course is north north-west. Its length is something more than two hundred miles. It falls into the Columbia by two mouths; the one eighty-five, and the other seventy miles from the sea. The arable portion of the valley of this river is about one hundred and fifty miles long, by sixty in width. It is bounded on the west by low wooded hills of the coast range; on the south by the highlands around the upper waters of the Umpqua; on the east by the President's range; and on the north by the mountains that run along the southern bank of the Columbia. Its general appearnce as seen from the heights, is that of a

rolling, open plain, intersected in every direction by ridges of low mountains, and long lines of evergreen timber; and dotted here and there with a grove of white oaks. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, two or three feet deep, resting on a stratum of coarse gravel or clay. The prairie portions of it are capable of producing, with good cultivation, from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and other small grains in proportion. Corn cannot be raised without irrigation. The vegetables common to such latitudes yield abundantly, and of the best quality. The uplands have an inferior soil, and are covered with such an enormous growth of pines, cedars and firs, that the expense of clearing would be greatly beyond their value. Those tracts of the second bottom lands, which are covered with timber might be worth subduing, but for a species of fern growing on them, which is so difficult to kill, as to render them nearly worthless for agricultural purposes.

The climate of the country between the President's range and the sea, is very temperate. From the middle of April to the middle of October, the westerly winds prevail, and the weather is warm and dry. Scarcely a drop of rain falls. During the remainder of the year, the southerly winds

blow continually, and bring rains; sometimes in showers, and at others in terrible storms, which continue to pour down incessantly for many weeks.

There is scarcely any freezing weather in this section of Oregon. Twice within the last forty years the Columbia has been frozen over; but this was chiefly caused by the accumulation of ice from the upper country. The grasses grow during the winter months, and wither to hay in the summer time.

The mineral resources of Oregon have not been investigated. Great quantities of bituminous coal have however been discovered on Puget's Sound, and on the Willamette. Salt springs also abound; and other fountains highly impregnated with sulphur, soda, iron, &c., are numerous.

Many wild fruits are to be met with in the territory, that would be very desirable for cultivation in the gardens of the States. Among these are a very large and delicious strawberry, the service berry, a kind of whortleberry, and a cranberry growing on bushes four or five feet in height. The crab apple, choke cherry, and thornberry are common. Of the wild animals, there are the white tailed, black tailed, jumping and moose deer; the elk; red and black and grey wolf; the black, brown, and grisly bear;

the mountain sheep; black, white, red and mixed foxes; beaver, lynxes, martin, otters, minks, musk-rats, wolverines, marmot, ermines, wood-rats, and the small curled tailed short eared dog, common among the Chippeways.

Of the feathered tribe, there are the goose, the brant, several kinds of cranes, the swan, many varieties of the duck, hawks of several kinds, plovers, white eagles, ravens, crows, vultures, thrush, gulls, woodpeckers, pheasants, pelicans, partridges, grouse, snowbirds, &c.

In the rivers and lakes are a very superior quality of salmon, brook and salmon trout, sardines, sturgeon, rock cod, the hair seal, &c.; and in the bays and inlets along the coast, are the sea otter and an inferior kind of oyster.

The trade of Oregon is limited entirely to the operations of the British Hudson Bay Company. A concise account of this association is therefore deemed apposite in this place.

A charter was granted by Charles II, in 1670, to certain British subjects associated under the name of "The Hudson's Bay Company," in virtue of which they were allowed the exclusive privilege of establish-

ing trading factories on the Hudson's Bay and its tributary rivers. Soon after the grant, the Company took possession of the territory, and enjoyed its trade without opposition till 1787; when was organized a powerful rival under the title of the "North American Fur Company of Canada." This company was chiefly composed of Canadian-born subjects — men whose native energy and thorough acquaintance with the Indian character, peculiarly qualified them for the dangers and hardships of a fur trader's life in the frozen regions of British America. Accordingly we soon find the North-westers outreaching in enterprise and commercial importance their less active neighbours of Hudson's Bay; and the jealousies naturally arising between parties so situated, led to the most barbarous battles, and the sacking and burning each others posts. This state of things in 1821, arrested the attention of Parliament, and an act was passed consolidating the two companies into one, under the title of "The Hudson's Bay Company."

This association is now, under the operation of their charter, in sole possession of all that tract of country bounded north by

the northern Arctic Ocean; east by the Davis' Straits and the Atlantic Ocean; south and south-westwardly by the northern boundary of the Canadas, and a line drawn through the centre of Lake Superior; thence north-westwardly to the Lake of the Wood; thence west on the 49th parallel of north latitude to the Rocky Mountains, and along those mountains to the 54th parallel; thence westwardly on that line to a point nine marine leagues from the Pacific Ocean; and on the west by a line commencing at the last mentioned point, and running northwardly parallel to the Pacific coast till it intersects the 141st parallel of longitude west from Greenwich, England, and thence due north to the Arctic Sea.

They have also leased for twenty years, commencing in March, 1840, all of Russian America, except the post of Sitka; the lease renewable at the pleasure of the Hudson's Bay Company. They are also in possession of Oregon under treaty stipulation between Britain and the United States. Thus this powerful Company occupy and control more than one-ninth of the soil of the globe. Its stockholders are British capitalists, resident in Great Britain. From these are elected a board of managers, who

hold their meetings and transact their business at "The Hudson's Bay House" in London. This board buy goods and ship them to their territory, sell the furs for which they are exchanged, and do all other business connected with the Company's transactions, except the execution of their own orders, the actual business of collecting furs in their territory. This duty is entrusted to a class of men who are called partners, but who in fact receive certain portions of the annual net profits of the Company's business, as a compensation for their services.

These gentlemen are divided by their employers into different grades. The first of these is the Governor-General of all the Company's posts in North America. He resides at York Factory, on the west shore of Hudson's Bay. The second class are chief factors; the third, chief traders; the fourth, traders. Below these is another class, called clerks. These are usually younger members of respectable Scottish families. They are not directly interested in the Company's profits, but receive an annual salary of £100, food, suitable clothing, and a body servant, during an apprenticeship of seven years. At the expiration

of this term they are eligible to the traderships, factorships, &c. that may be vacated by death or retirement from the service. While waiting for advancement they are allowed from £80 to £120 per annum. The servants employed about their posts and in their journeyings are half-breed Iroquois and Canadian Frenchmen. These they enlist for five years, at wages varying from £68 to £80 per annum.

An annual Council composed of the Governor-General, chief factors and chief traders, is held at York Factory. Before this body are brought the reports of the trade of each district; propositions for new enterprises, and modifications of old ones; and all these and other matters deemed important, being acted upon, the proceedings had thereon and the reports from the several districts are forwarded to the Board of Directors in London, and subjected to its final order.

This shrewd Company never allow their territory to be overtrapped. If the annual return from any well trapped district be less in any year than formerly, they order a less number still to be taken, until the beaver and other fur-bearing animals have time to increase. The income of the company

is thus rendered uniform, and their business perpetual.

The nature and annual value of the Hudson Bay Company's business in the territory which they occupy, may be learned from the following table, extracted from Bliss' work on the trade and industry of British America, in 1831 :

Skins.	No.	each £.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Beaver	126,944	„ 1	5	0	158,680	0	0
Muskrat	375,731	„ 0	0	6	9,393	5	6
Lynx	58,010	„ 0	8	0	23,204	0	0
Wolf	5,947	„ 0	8	0	2,378	16	0
Bear	3,850	„ 1	0	0	3,850	0	0
Fox.	8,765	„ 0	10	0	4,382	10	0
Mink.	9,298	„ 0	2	3	929	16	0
Raccoon	325	„ 0	1	6	24	7	6
Tails	2,290	„ 0	1	0	114	10	0
Wolverine . . .	1,744	„ 0	3	0	261	12	0
Deer	645	„ 0	3	0	96	15	0
Weasel	34	„ 0	0	6	00	16	0
					£203,316	9	0

Some idea may be formed of the net profit of this business, from the facts that the shares of the company's stock, which originally cost £100, are at 100 per cent premium, and that the dividends range from ten per cent upward, and this too while they are creating out of the net proceeds an immense reserve fund, to be

expended in keeping other persons out of the trade.

In 1805 the Missouri Fur Company established a trading-post on the head-waters of the Saptin. In 1806 the North-West Fur Company of Canada established one on Frazer's Lake, near the northern line of Oregon. In March, 1811, the American Pacific Fur Company built Fort Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia. In July of the same year, a partner of the North-West Fur Company of Canada descended the great northern branch of the Columbia to Astoria. This was the first appearance of the British fur traders in the valleys drained by this river.

On the 16th of October, 1813, (while war was raging between England and the States) the Pacific Fur Company sold all its establishments in Oregon to the North-West Fur Company of Canada. On the 1st of December following, the British sloop of war Raccoon, Captain Black commanding, entered the Columbia, took formal possession of Astoria, and changed its name to Fort George. On the 1st of October, 1818, Fort George was surrendered by the British Government to the Government of the States, according to a stipulation in the Treaty of Ghent.

By the same treaty, British subjects were granted the same rights of trade and settlement in Oregon as belonged to the citizens of the Republic, for the term of ten years; under the condition, that as both nations claimed Oregon, the occupancy thus authorized should in no form affect the question as to the title to the country. This stipulation was by treaty of London, August 6, 1827, indefinitely extended; under the condition that it should cease to be in force twelve months from the date of a notice of either of the contracting powers to the other, to annul and abrogate it; provided such notice should not be given till after the 20th of October, 1828. And this is the manner in which the British Hudson's Bay Company, after its union with the North-West Fur Company of Canada, came into Oregon.

They have now in the territory the following trading posts: Fort Vancouver, on the north bank of the Columbia, ninety miles from the Ocean, in latitude $45\frac{1}{2}°$, longitude 122° 30′; Fort George, (formerly Astoria), near the mouth of the same river; Fort Nasqually, on Puget's Sound, latitude 47°; Fort Langly, at the outlet of Fraser's River, latitude 49° 25′; Fort McLaughlin, on the Millbank Sound, latitude 52°; Fort

Simpson, on Dundas Island, latitude 54½°. Frazer's Fort, Fort James, McLeod's Fort, Fort Chilcotin, and Fort Alexandria, on Frazer's river and its branches between the 51st and 54½ parallels of latitude; Thompson's Fort, on Thompson's River, a tributary of Frazer's River, putting into it in latitude 50° and odd minutes; Kootania Fort, on Flatbow River; Flathead Fort, on Flathead River; Forts Hall and Boisais, on the Saptin; Forts Colville and Oakanagan, on the Columbia, above its junction with the Saptin; Fort Nez Percés or Wallawalla, a few miles below the junction; Fort McKay, at the mouth of the Umpqua river, latitude 43° 30′, and longitude 124° west.

They also have two migratory trading and trapping establishments of fifty or sixty men each. The one traps and trades in Upper California; the other in the country lying west, south, and east of Fort Hall. They also have a steam-vessel, heavily armed, which runs along the coast, and among its bays and inlets, for the twofold purpose of trading with the natives in places where they have no post, and of outbidding and outselling any American vessel that attempts to trade in those seas. They likewise have five sailing vessels, measuring from one hundred to five hundred tons

burthen, and armed with cannon, muskets, cutlasses, &c. These are employed a part of the year in various kinds of trade about the coast and the islands of the North Pacific, and the remainder of the time in bringing goods from London, and bearing back the furs for which they are exchanged.

One of these ships arrives at Fort Vancouver in the spring of each year, laden with coarse woollens, cloths, baizes, and blankets; hardware and cutlery; cotton cloths, calicoes, and cotton handkerchiefs; tea, sugar, coffee and cocoa: rice, tobacco, soap, beads, guns, powder, lead, rum, wine, brandy, gin, and playing cards; boots, shoes, and ready-made clothing, &c.; also, every description of sea stores, canvas, cordage, paints, oils, chains and chain cables, anchors, &c. Having discharged these "supplies," it takes a cargo of lumber to the Sandwich Islands, or of flour and goods to the Russians at Sitka or Kamskatka; returns in August; receives the furs collected at Fort Vancouver, and sails again for England.

The value of peltries annually collected in Oregon, by the Hudson Bay Comp., is about £140,000 in the London or New York market. The prime cost of the goods ex-

changed for them is about £20,000. To this must be added the per centage of the officers as governors, factors, &c. the wages and food of about four hundred men, the expense of shipping to bring supplies of goods and take back the returns of furs, and two years' interest on the investments. The Company made arrangements in 1839 with the Russians at Sitka and at other ports, about the sea of Kamskatka, to supply them with flour and goods at fixed prices. As they are now opening large farms on the Cowelitz, the Umpqua, and in other parts of the Territory, for the production of wheat for that market; and as they can afford to sell goods purchased in England under a contract of fifty years' standing, 20 or 30 per cent cheaper than American merchants can, there seems a certainty that the Hudson's Bay Company will engross the entire trade of the North Pacific, as it has that of Oregon.

Soon after the union of the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies, the British Parliament passed an act extending the jurisdiction of the Canadian courts over the territories occupied by these fur traders, whether it were "owned" or "claimed by Great Britain." Under this act, certain

gentlemen of the fur company were appointed justices of the peace, and empowered to entertain prosecutions for minor offences, arrest and send to Canada criminals of a higher order, and try, render judgment, and grant execution in civil suits where the amount in issue should not exceed £200; and in case of non-payment, to imprison the debtor at their own forts, or in the jails of Canada.

It is thus shown that the trade, and the civil and criminal jurisdiction in Oregon are held by British subjects; that American citizens are deprived of their own commercial rights; that they are liable to be arrested on their own territory by officers of British courts, tried in the American domain by British judges, and imprisoned or hung according to the laws of the British empire, for acts done within the territorial limits of the Republic.

It has frequently been asked if Oregon will hereafter assume great importance as a thoroughfare between the States and China? The answer is as follows:

The Straits de Fuca, and arms of the sea to the eastward of it, furnish the only good harbours on the Oregon coast? Those in Puget's Sound offer every requisite facility

for the most extensive commerce. Ships beat out and into the straits with any winds of the coast, and find in summer and winter fine anchorage at short intervals on both shores; and among the islands of the Sound, a safe harbour from the prevailing storms. From Puget's Sound eastward, there is a possible route for a railroad to the navigable waters of the Missouri; flanked with an abundance of fuel and other necessary materials. Its length would be about six hundred miles. Whether it would answer the desired end, would depend very much upon the navigation of the Missouri.

As, however, the principal weight and bulk of cargoes in the Chinese trade would belong to the homeward voyage, and as the lumber used in constructing proper boats on the upper Missouri would sell in Saint Louis for something like the cost of construction, it may perhaps be presumed that the trade between China and the States could be conducted through such an overland communication.

The first day of the winter months came with bright skies over the beautiful valleys of Oregon. Mounts Washington and Jefferson reared their vast pyramids of ice and

snow among the fresh green forests of the lower hills, and overlooked the Willamette, the lower Columbia, and the distant sea. The herds of California cattle were lowing on the meadows, and the flocks of sheep from the downs of England were scampering and bleating around their shepherds on the plain; and the plane of the carpenter, the adze of the cooper, the hammer of the tinman, and the anvil of the blacksmith within the pickets, were all awake when I arose to breakfast for the last time at Fort Vancouver.

The beauty of the day, and the busy hum of life around me, accorded well with the feelings of joy with which I made preparations to return to my family and home. And yet when I met at the table Dr. Mc Laughlin, Mr. Douglas, and others with whom I had passed many pleasant hours, and from whom I had received many kindnesses, a sense of sorrow mingled strongly with the delight which the occasion naturally inspired. I was to leave Vancouver for the Sandwich Islands, and see them no more. I confess that it has seldom been my lot to feel so deeply pained at parting with those whom I had known so little time. But it became me to hasten

my departure; for the ship had dropped down to the mouth of the river, and awaited the arrival of Mr. Simpson, one of the company's clerks, Mr. Johnson, an American from St. Louis, and myself. While we are making the lower mouth of the Willamette, the reader will perhaps be amused with the sketch of life at Fort Vancouver.

Fort Vancouver is, as has been already intimated, the depot at which are brought the furs collected west of the Rocky Mountains, and from which they are shipped to England; the place also at which all the goods for the trade are landed; and from which they are distributed to the various posts of that territory by vessels, bateaux, or pack animals, as the various routes permit. It was established by Governor Simpson, in 1824, as the great centre of all commercial operations in Oregon; is situated in a beautiful plain on the north bank of the Columbia, ninety miles from the sea, in latitude 45½° north, and in longitude 122° west; and stands four hundred yards from the water side. The noble river before it is sixteen hundred and seventy yards wide, and from five to seven fathoms in depth; the whole surrounding country is covered with

forests of pine, cedar, and fir, &c., interspersed here and there with small open spots; all overlooked by the vast snowy pyramids of the President's Range, thirty-five miles in the east.

The fort itself is an oblong square two hundred and fifty yards in length, by one hundred and fifty in breadth, enclosed by pickets twenty feet in height. The area within is divided into two courts, around which are arranged thirty-five wooden buildings, used as officers' dwellings, lodging apartment for clerks, storehouses for furs, goods, and grains; and as workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers, tinners, wheelwrights, &c. One building near the rear gate is occupied as a school-house; and a brick structure as a powder-magazine. The wooden buildings are constructed in the following manner. Posts are raised at convenient intervals, with grooves in the facing sides; in these grooves planks are inserted horizontally; and the walls are complete. Rafters raised upon plates in the usual way, and covered with boards, form the roofs.

Six hundred yards below the fort, and on the bank of the river, is a village of fifty-three wooden houses, generally constructed

like those within the pickets. In these live the Company's servants. Among them is a hospital, in which those who become diseased are humanly treated. At the back, and a little east of the fort, is a barn containing a mammoth threshing machine; and near this are a number of long sheds, used for storing grain in the sheaf. And behold the Vancouver farm, stretching up and down the river (3,000 acres, fenced into beautiful fields) sprinkled with dairy houses, and herdsmen and shepherds' cottages! A busy place.

The farmer on horseback at break of day, summons one hundred half-breeds and Iroquois Indians from their cabins to the fields. Twenty or thirty ploughs tear open the generous soil; the sowers follow with their seed, and pressing on them come a dozen harrows to cover it; and thus thirty or forty acres are planted in a day, till the immense farm is under crop. The season passes on, teeming with daily industry, until the harvest waves on all these fields. Then sickle and hoe glisten in tireless activity to gather in the rich reward of this toil; the food of seven hundred at this post, and of thousands more at the posts on the deserts in the east and

north. The saw mill, too, is a scene of constant toil. Thirty or forty Sandwich Islanders are felling the pines and dragging them to the mill; sets of hands are plying two gangs of saws by night and day. Three thousand feet of lumber per day; nine hundred thousand feet per annum; are constantly being shipped to foreign ports.

The grist mill is not idle. It must furnish bread stuff for the posts, and the Russian market in the north-west. And its deep music is heard daily and nightly half the year.

We will now enter the fort. The blacksmith is repairing ploughshares, harrow teeth, chains and mill irons; the tinman is making cups for the Indians, and camp-kettles, &c.; the wheelright is making waggons, and the wood parts of ploughs and harrows; the carpenter is repairing houses and building new ones; the cooper is making barrels for pickling salmon and packing furs; the clerks are posting books, and preparing the annual returns to the board in London; the salesmen are receiving beaver and dealing out goods. Listen to the voices of those children from the school house. They are the half-breed offspring of the gentlemen and servants of

the Company, educated at the Company's expense, preparatory to their being apprenticed to trades in Canada. They learn the English language, writing, arithmetic and geography. The gardener, too, is singing out his honest satisfaction, as he surveys from the northern gate ten acres of apple trees laden with fruit, his bowers of grape-vines, his beds of vegetables and flowers. The bell rings for dinner; we will now pay a visit to the "Hall" and its convivialities.

The dining-hall is a spacious room on the second floor, ceiled with pine above and at the sides. In the south-west corner of it is a large close stove, giving out sufficient caloric to make it comfortable.

At the end of a table twenty feet in length stands Governor McLaughlin, directing guests and gentlemen from neighbouring posts to their places; and chief-traders, traders, the physician, clerks, and the farmer, slide respectfully to their places, at distances from the Governor corresponding to the dignity of their rank in the service. Thanks are given to God, and all are seated. Roast beef and pork, boiled mutton, baked salmon, boiled ham; beets, carrots, turnips, cabbage and potatoes, and wheaten bread, are tastefully distributed

over the table among a dinner-set of elegant queen's ware, burnished with glittering glasses and decanters of various-coloured Italian wines. Course after course goes round, and the Governor fills to his guests and friends; and each gentleman in turn vies with him in diffusing around the board a most generous allowance of viands, wines, and warm fellow-feeling. The cloth and wines are removed together, cigars are lighted, and a strolling smoke about the premises, enlivened by a courteous discussion of some mooted point of natural history or politics, closes the ceremonies of the dinner hour at Fort Vancouver. These are some of the incidents of life at Vancouver.

But we moor on the lower point of Wappatoo Island, to regale ourselves with food and fire. This is the highest point of it, and is said to be never overflown. A bold rocky shore, and the water is deep enough to float the largest vessels, indicate it to be a site for the commercial mart of the island. But the southern shore of the river, half a mile below, is past a doubt the most important point for a town site on the Columbia. It lies at the lower mouth of the Willamette, the natural outlet of the best agricultural district of

Oregon. It is a hillside of gentle acclivity, covered with pine forests. There is a gorge in the mountains through which a road from it to the prairies on the south can easily be constructed. At this place the Hudson's Bay Company have erected a house, and occupy it with one of their servants.

Having eaten our cold lunch, we left Wappâtoo Island to the dominion of its wild hogs, and took again to our boat. It was a drizzly, cheerless day. The clouds ran fast from the south-west, and obscured the sun. The wind fell in irregular gusts upon the water, and made it difficult to keep our boat afloat. But we had a sturdy old Sandwich Islander at one oar, and some four or five able-bodied Indians at others, and despite winds and waves, slept that night a dozen miles below the Cowelitz. Thus far below Vancouver, the Columbia was generally more than one thousand yards wide, girded on either side by mountains rising very generally, from the water side, two or three thousand feet in height, and covered with dense forests of pine and fir. These mountains are used by the Chinooks as burial-places. During the epidemic fever of 1832, which almost swept this

portion of the Columbia valley of its inhabitants, vast numbers of the dead were placed among them. They were usually wrapped in skins, placed in the canoes, and hung from the boughs of trees six or eight feet from the ground. Thousands of these were seen.

They hung in groups near the water side. One of them had a canoe inverted over the one containing the dead, and lashed tightly to it. We were often driven close to the shore by the heavy wind, and always noticed that these sepulchral canoes were perforated at the bottom. I was informed that this is always done for the twofold purpose of letting out the water which the rains may deposit in them, and of preventing their ever being used again by the living.

The 3rd was a boisterous day. The southerly winds drove in a heavy tide from the Pacific, and lashed the Columbia into foam; but by keeping under the windward shore, we made steady progress till sunset, when the increased expanse of the river indicated that we were about fifteen miles from the sea. The wind died away, and we pushed on rapidly; but the darkness was so great that we lost our course, and grounded upon a sand-bar three miles to the

north of Tongue Point. After considerable trouble, we succeeded in getting off, steered to the northern shore, and in half an hour were again in deep water. But "the ship, the ship," was on every tongue. Was it above or below Tongue Point? If the latter, we could not reach it that night, for the wind freshened again every instant, and the waves grew angry and fearful, and dashed into the boat at every sweep of the paddles.

We were beginning to calculate our prospects of another hour's breathing when the shadowy outline of the ship was brought between us and the open horizon of the mouth of the river, a half mile below us. The oars struck fast and powerfully now, and the frail boat shot over the whitened waves for a few minutes, and lay dancing and surging under the lee of the noble "Vancouver." A rope was hastily thrown us, and we stood upon her beautiful deck, manifestly barely saved from a watery grave. For now the sounding waves broke awfully all around us. Captain Duncan received us very kindly, and introduced us immediately to the cordial hospitalities of his cabin. The next morning we dropped down to Astoria, and anchored one hundred

yards from the shore. The captain and passengers landed about ten o'clock; and as I felt peculiar interest in the spot, immortalized no less by the genius of Irving than the enterprize of John Jacob Astor, I spent my time very industriously in exploring it.

The site of this place is three quarters of a mile above the point of land between the Columbia and Clatsop Bay. It is a hillside, formerly covered with a very heavy forest. The space which has been cleared may amount to four acres. It is rendered too wet for cultivation by numberless springs bursting from the surface. The back ground is still a forest rising over lofty hills; in the foreground is the Columbia, and the broken pine hills of the opposite shore. The Pacific opens in the west.

Astoria has passed away; nothing is left of its buildings but an old batten cedar door; nothing remaining of its bastions and pickets, but half a dozen of the latter, tottering among the underbrush. While scrambling over the grounds, we came upon the trunk of an immense tree, long since prostrated, which measured between six and seven fathoms in circumference. No in-

formation could be obtained as to the length of time it had been decaying.

The Hudson's Bay Company are in possession, and call the post Fort George. They have erected three log buildings, and occupy them with a clerk, who acts as a telegraph keeper of events at the mouth of the river. If a vessel arrives, or is seen laying off and on, information of the fact is sent to Vancouver, with all the rapidity which can be extracted from arms and paddles.

This individual also carries on a limited trade with the Chinook and Clatsop Indians; such is his influence over them, that he bears among the Company's gentlemen the very distinguished title of "King of the Chinooks." He is a fine, lusty, companionable fellow, and I am disposed to believe, wears the crown with quite as little injury to his subjects as to himself.

In the afternoon we bade adieu to Astoria, and dropped down toward Cape Disappointment.—The channel of the river runs from the fort in a north-western direction to the point of the Cape, and thence close under it in a south-westerly course the distance of four miles, where it crosses the bar. The wind was quite baffling while we

were crossing to the northern side; and we consequently began to anticipate a long residence in Baker's Bay. But as we neared the Cape, a delightful breeze sprang up in the east, filled every sail, and drove the stately ship through the heavy seas and swells most merrily.

The lead is dipping, and the sailors are chanting each measure as they take it; we approach the bar; the soundings decrease; every shout grows more and more awful! the keel of the Vancouver is within fifteen inches of the bar! Every breath is suspended, and every eye fixed on the leads, as they are quickly thrown again! They sink; and the chant for five fathoms enables us to breathe freely. We have passed the bar; Captain Duncan grasps his passengers by the hand warmly, and congratulates them at having escaped being lost in those wild waters, where many a noble ship and brave heart have sunk together and for ever.

Off the mouth of the Columbia—on the deep, long swells of the Pacific seas. The rolling surges boom along the mountainous shores. Up the vale one hundred miles the white pyramid of Mount Washington towers above the clouds, and the green

forest of Lower Oregon. That scene I shall never forget. It was too wild, too unearthly to be described. It was seen at sunset; and a night of horrid tempest shut in upon this, the author's last view of Oregon.

The following abstract of Commander Wilkes' Report on Oregon came to hand while this work was in the press, and the author takes great pleasure in appending it to his work. Mr. Wilkes' statistics of the Territory, it will be seen, agree in all essential particulars with those given in previous pages. There is one point only of any importance that needs to be named, in regard to which truth requires a protest; and that is contained in the commander's concluding remarks. It will be seen on reference to them, that the agricultural capabilities of Oregon are placed above those of any part of the world beyond the tropics. This is a most surprising conclusion; at war with his own account of the several sections which he visited, and denied by every intelligent man living in the territory. What! Oregon, in this respect, equal to California, or the Valley of the Mississippi! This can never be, until Oregon be blessed with a vast increase of productive soil, and Cali-

fornia and our own unequalled Valley be greatly changed.

Extracts from the Report of Lieutenant Wilkes to the Secretary of the Navy, of the examination, by the Exploring Expedition, of the Oregon Territory.

The Territory embraced under the name of Oregon, extends from latitude 42° north to that of 53° 40′ north, and west of the Rocky Mountains. Its natural boundaries, were they attended to, would confine it within the above geographical boundaries.

On the east it has the range of Rocky Mountains along its whole extent; on the south those of the Klamet range, running on the parallel of 42° and dividing it from California; on the west the Pacific Ocean; and on the north the western trend of the Rocky Mountains, and the chain of lakes near and along the parallels of 54° and 55° north, dividing it from the British territory. It is remarkable that, within these limits, all the rivers which flow through the Territory take their rise.

The Territory is divided into three natural felts or sections, viz:

1st. That between the Pacific Ocean and Cascade Mountains, (President's range) or western section;

2nd. That between the Cascade mountains and blue mountain range, or middle section;

3rd. That between the Blue and Rocky Mountain chains, or eastern section.

And this division will equally apply to the soil, climate, and productions.

The mountain ranges run, for the most part, in parallel lines with the coast, and, rising in many places above the snow line, (here found to be 6,500 feet), would naturally produce a difference of temperature between them, and also affect their productions.

Our surveys and explorations were confined, for the most part, to the two first, claiming more interest from being less known, and more in accordance with my instructions.

MOUNTAINS.—The Cascade range, or that nearest the coast, runs from the southern boundary, on a parallel with the sea coast, the whole length of the territory, north and south, rising, in many places, in high peaks, from twelve to fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, in regular cones. Their

distance from the coast line is from one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles, and they almost interrupt the communication between the section, except where the two great rivers, the Columbia and Frazer's, force a passage through them.

There are a few mountain passes, but they are difficult, and only to be attempted late in the spring and summer.

A small range (the Claset) lies to the northward of the Columbia, between the coast and the waters of Puget's Sound, and along the strait of Juan de Fuca. This has several high peaks, which rise above the snow line, but, from their proximity to the sea, they are not at all times covered.

Their general direction is north and south, but there are many spurs or offsets that cause this portion to be very rugged.

The Blue mountains are irregular in their course, and occasionally interrupted, but generally tend from north by east to north-east, and from south to south-west.

In some parts they may be traced as spurs or offsets of the Rocky Mountains. Near the southern boundary they unite with the Klamet range, which runs east and west from the rocky mountains.

The Rocky Mountains are too well known to need description. The different passes will, however, claim attention hereafter. North of 48° the ranges are nearly parallel and have the rivers flowing between them.

ISLANDS.—Attached to the territory are groups of islands, bordering its northern coast. Among these are the large islands of Vancouver and Washington or Queen Charlotte; the former being two hundred and sixty miles in length, and fifty in width, containing about fifteen thousand square miles, and the latter a hundred and fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth, containing four thousand square miles.

Though somewhat broken in surface, their soil is said to be well adapted to agriculture.

They have many good harbours, and have long been the resort of those engaged in the fur trade; they enjoy a mild and salubrious climate, and have an abundance of fine fish frequenting their waters, which are taken in large quantities by the natives. Coal of good quality is found, specimens of which I obtained. The Hudson's Bay Company have made a trial of it, but, owing to its having been taken from near the surface, it

was not very highly spoken of. Veins of minerals are also said to exist by those acquainted with these islands.

They both appear to be more densely inhabited than other portions of the territory. The natives are considered a treacherous race, particularly those in the vicinity of Johnson's Straits, and are to be closely watched when dealing with them.

At the south-east end of Vancouver's, there is a small archipelago of islands, through which the canal de Arro runs. They are for the most part uninhabited, well wooded, and composed of granite and pudding stone, which appear to be the prevailing rock to the northward of a line east from the strait of Juan de Fuca. They are generally destitute of fresh water, have but few anchorages, and strong currents render navigation among them difficult.

The islands nearer the main land, called on the maps Pitt's Banks, or the Prince Royal islands, are of the same character, and are only occasionally resorted to by the Indians, for the purpose of fishing.

The coast of the mainland, north of the parallel of 49°, is broken up by numerous inlets called canals, having perpendicular sides, and very deep water in them, afford-

ing no harbours, and but few commercial inducements to frequent them.

The land is equally cut up by spurs from the Cascade range, which here intersects the country in all directions, and prevents its adaptation for agriculture.

Its value is principally in its timber, and it is believed that few if any countries can compare with it in this respect.

There is no part on this coast where a settlement could be formed between Frazer's river, or 49° north, and the northern boundary of 54° 40′ north, that would be able to supply its own wants.

The Hudson's Bay Company have posts within this section of the country: Fort McLaughlin, in Millbank sound, in latitude 52° 10′ north, and Fort Simpson, in latitude 54° 30′ north, within Dundas island, and at the entrance of Chatham sound; but they are only posts for the fur trade of the coast, and are supplied twice a year with provisions, &c.

It is believed that the Company have yet no establishment on any of the islands; but I understood it was in contemplation to make one on Vancouver's island, in the vicinity of Nootka sound, or that of Clyoquot.

Owing to the dense fogs, the coast is extremely dangerous; and they render it at all times difficult to approach and navigate it. The interior of this portion of the territory is traversed by the three ranges of mountains, with the several rivers which take their rise in them, and is probably unequalled for its ruggedness, and from all accounts incapable of anything like cultivation.

The Columbia in its trend to the westward, along the parallel of 48°, cuts off the central or Blue mountain range, which is not again met with until on the parallel of 45°. From 45° they trend away to the southward and westward, until they fall into the Klamet range. This latter portion is but partially wooded.

Rivers.—The Columbia claims the first notice. Its northern branch takes its rise in the Rocky mountains, in latitude 50° north, longitude 116° west; from thence it pursues a northern route to near McGillivray's Pass, in the Rocky mountains. At the boat encampment, the river is three thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea (here it receives two small tributaries, the Canoe river and that from the Committee's Punch Bowl), from thence it

turns south, having some obstructions to its safe navigation, and receiving many tributaries in its course to Colville, among which are the Kootanie, or Fat Bow, and the Flat Head or Clarke river from the east, and that of Colville from the west.

This great river is bounded thus far on its course by a range of high mountains, well-wooded, and in places expands into a line of lakes before it reaches Colville, where it is two thousand and forty-nine feet above the level of the sea, having a fall of five hundred and fifty feet in two hundred and twenty miles. To the south of this it trends to the westward, receiving the Spokan river from the east, which is not navigable, and takes its rise in the Lake of Cœur d'Alène. Thence it pursues a westerly course for about sixty miles, receiving several smaller streams, and at its bend to the south it is joined by the Okanagan, a river that has its source in a line of lakes, affording canoe and boat navigation for a considerable extent to the northward.

The Columbia thence passes to the southward until it reaches Wallawalla, in the lattitude of 45° a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, receiving the Piscous, Y'Akama, and Point de Boise, or Entyatecoom, from

the west, which take their rise in the Cascade range; and also its great south-eastern branch, the Saptin or Lewis, which has its source in the Rocky mountains, near our southern boundary, and being a large quantity of water to increase the volume of the main stream. The Lewis is not navigable, even for canoes, except in reaches. The rapids are extensive and of frequent occurrence. It generally passes between the Rocky mountain spurs and the Blue mountains. It receives the Koos-koos-ke, Salmon, and several other rivers, from the east and west (the former from the Rocky mountains, the latter from the Blue mountains) and; were it navigable, would much facilitate the intercourse with this part of the country. Its length to its junction with the Columbia is five hundred and twenty miles.

The Columbia at Wallawalla is one thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet above the level of the sea, and about three thousand five hundred wide; it now takes its last turn to the westward, receiving the Umatilla, Quisnel's, John Day's, and de Chute rivers from the south, and Cathlatate's from the north, pursuing its rapid course of eighty miles, previous to passing through the range of Cascade moutains, in

a series of falls and rapids that obstruct its flow, and form insurmountable barriers to the passage of boats by water during the floods. These difficulties, however, are overcome by portages.

From thence there is a still water navigation for forty miles, when its course is again obstructed by rapids.

Thence to the ocean, one hundred and twenty miles, it is navigable for vessels of twelve feet draught of water at the lowest state of the river, though obstructed by many sand-bars.

In this part it receives the Willamette from the south, and the Cowelitz from the north. The former is navigable for small vessels twenty miles, to the mouth of the Klackamus, three miles below its falls; the latter cannot be called navigable except for a small part of the year, during the floods, and then only for canoes and barges.

The width of the Columbia, within twenty miles of its mouth, is much increased, and it joins the ocean between Cape Disappointment and Point Adams, forming a sand-pit from each by deposit, and causing a dangerous bar, which greatly impedes its navigation and entrance.

Frazer's river next claims attention. It

takes its rise in the Rocky mountain, near the source of Canoe river, taking a north-western course of eighty miles; it then turns to the southward, receiving the waters of Stuart's river, which rises in a chain of lakes near the northern boundary of the Territory.

It then pursues a southerly course, receiving the waters of the Chilcotin, Pinkslitsa, and several smaller streams, from the west, and those of Thompson's river, Quisnell's, and other streams, from the east, (these take their rise in lakes, and are navigable in canoes, by making portages;) and under the parallel of 49° it breaks through the Cascade range in a succession of falls and rapids, and, after a westerly course of seventy miles it empties itself into the gulf of Georgia, in the latitude of 49° 07′ north. This latter portion is navigable for vessels that can pass its bar drawing twelve feet water; its whole length being three hundred and fifty miles.

The Chikeelis is next in importance. It has three sources among the range of hills that intersect the country north of the Columbia river. After a very tortuous course, and receiving some small streams issuing from the lakes in the high ground near the

head-quarters of Hood's canal and Puget's Sound, it disembogues in Grey's harbour; it is not navigable except for canoes; its current is rapid, and the stream much obstructed.

To the south of the Columbia there are many small streams, three of which only deserve the name of rivers: the Umpqha, Too-too-tut-na, or Rogues' river, and the Klamet, which latter empties itself into the ocean south of the parallel of 42°. None of these form harbours capable of receiving a vessel of more than eight feet draught of water, and the bars for most part of the year are impassable from the surf that sets in on the coast. The character of the great rivers is peculiar—rapid and sunken much below the level of the country, with perpendicular banks; indeed they are, as it were, in trenches, it being extremely difficult to get at the water in many places, owing to the steep basaltic walls; and during the rise they are in many places confined by dalles, which back the water some distance, submerging islands and *tracts of low prairie*, giving the appearance of extensive lakes.

Lakes.—There are in the various sections of the country many lakes. The Okanagan, Stuart's, Quisnell's, and Kamloop's are the largest in the northern section.

The Flat Bow, Cœur d'Alène, and Kulluspelm, in the middle section, and those forming the head-waters of the large rivers in the eastern section. The country is well watered, and there are but few places where an abundance of water, either from rivers, springs, or rivulets, cannot be obtained.

The smaller lakes add much to the picturesque beauty of the country. They are generally at the head-waters of the smaller streams. The map will point out more particularly their extent and locality.

HARBOURS.—All the harbours formed by the rivers on the sea-coast are obstructed by extensive sand-bars, which make them difficult to enter. The rivers bring down large quantities of sand, which is deposited on meeting with the ocean, causing a gradual increase of the impediments already existing at their mouths. None of them can be deemed safe ports to enter. The entrance to the Columbia is impracticable two-thirds of the year, and the difficulty of leaving is equally great.

The north sands are rapidly increasing, and extending further to the southward. In the memory of several of those who have been longest in the country, Cape Disappointment has been encroached upon some

hundred feet by the sea, and, during my short experience, nearly half an acre of the middle sands was washed away in a few days. These sands are known to change every season.

The exploration made of the Clatsop, or South channel, it is believed, will give more safety to vessels capable of entering the river. The depth of water on the bar seems not to have changed, though the passage has become somewhat narrow.

Grey's harbour will admit of vessels of light draught of water, (ten feet), but there is but little room in it, on account of the extensive mud and sand flats. A survey was made of it, to which I refer for particulars.

This, however, is not the case with the harbours formed within the straits of Juan de Fuca, of which there are many; and no part of the world affords finer inland sounds or a greater number of harbours than can be found here, capable of receiving the largest class of vessels, and without a danger in them which is not visible. From the rise and fall of the tides, (eighteen feet), every facility is afforded for the erection of works for a great maritime nation. For

further information, our extensive surveys of these waters are referred to.

CLIMATE.—That of the western section is mild throughout the year, neither experiencing the cold of winter nor the heat of summer. By my experiments, the mean temperature was found to be 54° of Fahrenheit.

The prevailing winds in the summer are from the northward and westward, and in the winter, from the southward and westward, and south-east, which are tempestuous. The winter is supposed to last from December to February; rains usually begin to fall in November, and last till March, but they are not heavy though frequent.

Snow sometimes falls, but it seldom lies more than three days. The frosts are early, occurring in the latter part of August; this, however, is to be accounted for by the proximity of the mountains. A mountain or easterly wind invariably causes a great fall in the temperature; these winds are not frequent. During the summer of our operations, I found but *three days* noted of easterly winds.

The nights are cold, and affect the vegetation so far, that Indian corn will not ripen. Fruit-trees blossom early in April

at Nisqually and Vancouver; and at the former place, on the 12th of May, peas were a foot high, strawberries in full blossom, and salad had already gone to seed.

The mean height of the barometer, during our stay at Nisqually, was 30,046 inches, and of the thermometer 66° 58. Fahrenheit. The thermometer at 4 A. M. on the 4th of July, way at 50° Fahrenheit, and on the same day, at 2 P. M., 90° Fahrenheit. The lowest degree was 39° at 4 A. M., May 22d, and at 5 P. M. of the same day, the temperature was 72° of Fahrenheit.

From June to September at Vancouver the mean height of the barometer was 30.32 inches, and of the thermometer 66° 33′ of Fahrenheit. Out of one hundred and six days, seventy-six were fair, nineteen cloudy, and eleven rainy. The rains are light; this is evident from the hills *not being washed*, and having a sward to their tops, *although of great declivity*.

The second, or middle section, is subject to droughts. During the summer the atmosphere is much drier and warmer, and the winter much colder than in the western section. Its extremes of heat and cold are more frequent and greater, the mercury at times falling as low as minus 18° of

Fahrenheit in the winter, and rising to 180° in the shade in summer; the daily difference of temperature is about 40° Fahrenheit. It has, however, been found extremely salubrious, possessing a pure and healthy air.

The stations of the missionaries and posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, have afforded me the means of obtaining information relative to the climate. Although full data have not been kept, yet these observations afford a tolerably good knowledge of the weather.

In summer the atmosphere is cooled by the strong westerly breezes, which replace the vacuum produced by the heated prairie grounds. No dews fall in this section.

The climate of the third, or eastern section, is extremely variable. The temperature during the day, differing from 50° to 60°, renders it unfit for agriculture, and there are but few places in its northern part where the climate would not effectually put a stop to its ever becoming settled.

In each day, from the best accounts, all the changes are experienced incident to spring, summer, autumn, and winter. There are places where small farms might be located, but they are few in number.

Soil.—That of the first, or western section varies in the northern parts from a light brown loam to a thin vegetable earth, with gravel and sand as a sub-soil: in the middle parts, from a rich heavy loam and unctuous clay to a deep heavy black loam on a trap rock; and in the southern, the soil is generally good, varying from a black vegetable loam to decomposed basalt, with stiff clay, and portions of loose gravel soil. The hills are generally basalt, and stone, and slate.

Between the Umpqua and the boundary, the rocks are primitive, consisting of talcon slate, hornblende, and granite, which produce a gritty and poor soil; some places of rich prairie however, occur covered with oaks.

The soil of the second, or middle section, is for the most part a light sandy loam, in the valleys rich alluvial, and the hills are generally barren.

The third, or eastern section, is a rocky, broken, and barren country. Stupendous mountain spurs traverse it in all directions, affording little level ground; snow lies on the mountains nearly, if not quite, the year through.

Agriculture, Productions, &c.—The

first section, for the most part, is a well-timbered country; it is intersected with the spurs, or offsets, from the Cascade mountains, which render its surface much broken: these are covered with a dense forest. It is well-watered, and communication between the northern, southern, and middle parts is difficult, on account of the various rivers, spurs of mountains, &c.

The timber consists of pines, firs, spruce, oaks, (red and white), ash, arbutus, arbor vitæ, cedar, poplar, maple, willow, cherry, and tew, with a close undergrowth of hazel, rubus, roses, &c. The richest and best soil is found on the second or middle prairie, and is best adapted for agriculture, the high and low being excellent for pasture land.

The line woods run on the east side, and near the foot of the Cascade range. The climate and soil are admirably adapted for all kinds of grain, wheat, rye, oats, barley, peas, &c. Indian corn does not thrive in any part of this territory where it has been tried. Many fruits appear to succeed well, particularly the apple and pear. Vegetables grow exceedingly well, and yield most abundantly.

The surface of the middle section is about one thousand feet above the level of the first

or western section, and is generally a rolling prairie country. That part lying to the north of the parallel of 48° is very much broken with mountain chains and rivers, consequently barren and very rugged. From the great and frequent changes in its temperature, it is totally unfit for agriculture, but is well supplied with game of all the kinds which are found in the country.

The mountain chains on the parallel of 48° are cut off by the Columbia, as before stated, leaving an extensive rolling country in the centre of the Territory, which is well adapted for grazing.

The southern part of this section is destitute of timber or wood, unless the wormwood (artimesia) may be so called. To the northward of the parallel of 49° it is covered with forests. Wheat and other grains grow well in the bottoms, where they can be irrigated. The soil in such places is rich, and capable of producing almost any thing.

The missionaries have succeeded in raising good crops. Stock succeeds here even better than in the lower country. Notwithstanding the severe cold, the cattle are not housed, nor is provender laid in for them, the country being sufficiently supplied with fodder in the natural hay that is abundant

everywhere in the prairie, which is preferred by the cattle to the fresh grass at the bottoms.

No attempts at agriculture have been made in the third section, except at Fort Hall. The small grains thrive tolerably well, together with vegetables, and a sufficient quantity has been obtained to supply the wants of the post. The ground is well adapted for grazing in the prairies, and, despite its changeable climate, stock is found to thrive well and endure the severity of the winter without protection.

This section is exceedingly dry and arid, rains seldom falling, and but little snow. The country is partially timbered, and the soil much impregnated with salts. The missionary station on the Koos-koos-ke, near the western line of this section, is thought by the missionaries to be a *wet climate.*

The soil along the river bottoms is generally alluvial, and would yield good crops, were it not for the overflowing of the rivers, which check and kill the grain. Some of the finest portions of the land are thus unfit for cultivation; they are generally covered with water before the banks are

overflown, in consequence of the quicksands which exist in them, and through which the water percolates.

The rivers of this Territory afford no fertilizing properties to the soil, but, on the contrary, are destitute of all substances. The temperature of the Columbia in the latter part of May was 42°, and in September 68°.

The rise of the streams flowing from the Cascade mountains takes place twice a-year, in February and November, from the rains; that of the Columbia in May and June, from the melting of the snows. Sometimes the rise of the latter is very sudden, if heavy rains occur at that period; but usually it is gradual, and reaches its greatest height from the 6th to the 15th of June. Its perpendicular rise is from eighteen to twenty feet at Vancouver, where a line of embankment has been thrown up to protect the lower prairie; but it has been generally flooded, and the crops in most cases destroyed. It is the intention to abandon its cultivation, and devote it to pasturage.

The greatest rise in the Willamette takes place in February; and I was informed that it rose sometimes twenty to twenty-five feet,

and quite suddenly, but soon subsides. It occasionally causes much damage.

Both the Willamette and the Cowelitz are much swollen by the backing of their waters during the height of the Columbia, and all their lower grounds submerged. This puts an effectual bar to their prairies being used for any thing but pasturage, which is fine throughout the year, excepting in the season of the floods, when the cattle are driven to the high grounds.

My knowledge of the agriculture of this Territory, it will be well to mention, is derived from visits made to the various settlements, except Fort Langley and Fort Hall.

The Indians on the different islands in Puget's Sound and Admiralty Inlet cultivate potatoes principally, which are extremely fine, and raised in great abundance, and now constitute a large portion of their food.

At Nisqually the Hudson's Bay Company had fine crops of wheat, oats, peas, potatoes, &c. The wheat, it was supposed, would yield fifteen bushels to the acre. The farm has been two years under cultivation, and is principally intended for a grazing and dairy farm. They have now seventy milch cows, and make butter, &c., to supply their contract with the Russians.

The Cowelitz farm is also in the western section. The produce of wheat is good—about twenty bushels to the acre. The ground, however, has just been brought under cultivation. The Company have here six hundred acres, which are situated on the Cowelitz river, about thirty miles from the Columbia, and on the former are erecting a saw and grist mill. The farm is finely situated, and the harvest of 1841 produced seven thousand bushels of wheat.

Several Canadians are also established here, who told me that they succeeded well with but little work. They have erected buildings, live comfortably, and work small farms of fifty acres.

I was told that the stock on these farms did not thrive so well as elsewhere. There are no low prairie grounds on the river in this vicinity, and it is too far for them to resort to the Kamas plains, a fine grazing country, but a few miles distant. The wolves make sad depredations with the increase of their flock, if not well watched.

The hilly portion of the country, although its soil in many places is very good, is yet so heavily timbered as to make it, in the present state of the country, valueless: this is also the case with many fine portions of

level ground. There are, however, large tracts of fine prairie, suitable for cultivation, and ready for the plough.

The Willamette valley is supposed to be the finest portion of the country, though I am of opinion that many parts of the southern portion of the territory will be found far superior to it. The largest settlement is in the northern part of the valley, some fifteen miles above the falls. About sixty families are settled there, the industrious of whom appear to be thriving. They are composed of American missionaries, trappers, and Canadians, who were formerly servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. All of them appeared to be doing well; but I was on the whole disappointed, from the reports that had been made to me, not to find the settlement in a state of greater forwardness, considering the advantages the missionaries have had.

In comparison with our own country, I would say that the labour necessary in this territory to acquire wealth or subsistence is in the proportion of one to three; or in other words, a man must work through the year three times as much in the United States, to gain the like competency. The care of stock, which occupies so much time

with us, requires no attention there, and on the increase only a man might find support.

The wheat of this valley yields thirty-five to forty bushels for one sown, or twenty to thirty bushels to the acre; its quality is superior to that grown in the United States, and its weight nearly four pounds to the bushel heavier. The above is the yield of new land; but it is believed it will greatly exceed this after the third crop, when the land has been broken up and well tilled.

After passing into the middle section, the climate undergoes a decided change; in place of the cool and moist atmosphere, one that is dry and arid is entered, and the crops suffer from drought.

The only wood or bush seen, is the worm-wood, (artimesia,) and this only in places. All cultivation has to be more or less carried on by irrigation.

The country bordering the Columbia, above the Dalles, to the north and south of the river, is the poorest in the territory, and has no doubt led many to look upon the middle section as perfectly useless to man. Twenty or thirty miles on either side of the river are so; but beyond that a fine grazing country exists, and in very many places there are portions of it that might be advan-

tageously farmed. On the banks of the Wallawalla, a small stream emptying into the Columbia, about twenty-five miles from the Company's post, a missionary is established, who raises very fine wheat on the low bottoms, by using its waters for the purpose of irrigation. This is also the case at the mission station at Lapwai, on the Kooskoos-ke, where fine crops are raised; grains, vegetables and some fruits thrive remarkably well. In the northern part of this section, at Chimekaine, there is another missionary station. Near the Spokan, and at Colville, the country is well adapted for agriculture, and it is successfully carried on. Colville supplies all the northern posts, and the missionaries in its vicinity are doing well. The northern part of this section will be able to supply the whole southern part with wood. At Colville the changes of temperature are great during the twenty-four hours, but are not injurious to the small grain. The cultivation of fruit has been successful.

FISHERIES.—It will be almost impossible to give an idea of the extensive fisheries in the rivers and on the coast. They all abound in salmon of the finest flavour, which run twice a year, beginning in May

and October, and appear inexhaustible; the whole population live upon them. The Columbia produces the largest, and probably affords the greatest numbers. There are some few of the branches of the Columbia that the spring fish do not enter, but they are plentifully supplied in the fall.

The great fishery of the Columbia is at the Dalles; but all the rivers are well supplied. The last one on the northern branch of the Columbia is near Colville, at the Kettle falls; but salmon are found above this in the river and its tributaries.

In Frazer's river the salmon are said to be very numerous, but not large; they are unable to get above the falls some eighty miles from the sea.

In the rivers and sounds are found several kinds of salmon, salmon-trout, sturgeon, cod, carp, sole, flounders, ray, perch, herring, lamprey eels, and a kind of smelt, called "*shrow*," in great abundance; also large quantities of shell fish, viz: crabs, clams, oysters, muscles, &c., which are all used by the natives, and constitute the greater proportion of their food.

Whales in numbers are found along the coast, and are frequently captured by the

Indians in and at the mouth of the straits of Juan de Fuca.

GAME.—Abundance of game exists, such as elk, deer, antelope, bears, wolves, foxes, musk-rats, martins, bears and siffleurs, which are eaten by the Canadians. In the middle section, or that designated as the rolling prairie, no game is found. The fur-bearing animals are decreasing in numbers yearly, particularly south of the parallel of 48°; indeed it is very doubtful whether they are sufficiently numerous to repay the expense of hunting them.

The Hudson's Bay Company have almost the exclusive monopoly of this business. They have decreased, owing to being hunted without regard to season. This is not, however, the case to the north; there the Company have been left to exercise their own rule, and prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of either old or young, out of the proper season.

In the spring and fall, the rivers are literally covered with geese, ducks, and other water fowl.

In the eastern section, the buffalo abound, and are hunted by the Oregon Indians, as well as the Blackfeet. Wolves are troublesome to the settlers, but they are not so

numerous as formerly. From the advantages this country possesses, it bids fair to have an extensive commerce on advantageous terms with most ports of the Pacific. It is well calculated to produce the following which, in a few years after its settlement, would become its staples, viz: furs, salted beef and pork, fish, grain, flour, wool, hides, tallow, lumber, and perhaps coal. A ready market for all these is now to be found in the Pacific; and in return for them sugars, coffee and other tropical productions, may be had at the Sandwich Islands—advantages that few new countries possess, viz: the facility of a market, and one that in time must become of immense extent.

Manufacturing power.—This country, it is believed, affords as many sites for water power as any other, and in many places within reach of navigable waters. The timber of the western section, to the south of 49°, is not so good as that of the north. This is imputed to the climate being milder and more changeable. A great difference is found between the north and south sides of the trees, the one being of a hard and close grain, while the other is open and spongy.

To the north of the parallel 49°, on Frazer's River, an abundance of fine timber

for spars of any dimensions is easily obtained.

There will always be a demand for the timber of this country at high prices throughout the Pacific. The oak is well adapted for ship timber, and abundance of ash, cedar, cypress and arbor vitæ, may be had for fuel, fencing, &c.; and, although the southern part of the middle section is destitute of timber, it may be supplied from the eastern or northern sections by water carriage.

Intercommunication would at first appear to be difficult between the different parts of the country, but I take a different view of it.

Stock of all kinds thrive exceedingly well, and they will in consequence always abound in the territory. The soil affords every advantage for making good roads, and, in process of time, transportation must become comparatively cheap.

Settlements —They consist principally of those belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and where the missionaries have established themselves. They are as follows: In the western section, Fort Simpson, Fort McLaughlin, Fort Langley, Nisqually, Cowelitz, Fort George, Vancouver, and Umpqua; Fort St. James, Barbine, Alexandria, Chilcothin, Kamloop's, (on Thomp-

son's River); Okanagan, Colville and Wallawalla, in the middle; and in the eastern, Kootanie and Fort Hall. Fort Boise has been abandoned, as has also Kaima, a missionary settlement on the Koos-koos-ke.

These are all small settlements, surrounded by palisades, with bastions at their corners, enclosing the houses and stores of the Company, sufficient to protect them against the Indians, but in no way to be considered as forts. A few Indians reside near them, who are dependant for their food and employment on them.

These forts being situated for the most part near the great fisheries, are frequented by the Indians, who bring their furs to trade for blankets, &c., at the same time they come to lay in their yearly supply of salmon.

Vancouver is the principal depot from which all supplies are furnished, and to which returns are made.

At Vancouver, the village is separated from the fort, and nearer the river. In addition to its being the depot of the Hudson's Bay Company, there is now attached to it the largest farm of the Puget Sound Company, the stockholders of which are generally the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. They have now

farms in successful operation at Vancouver, Cowelitz, Nisqually, Colville, Fort Langley, and the Fualtine plains, about ten miles from Vancouver, all of which are well stocked, and supply the Russian post at Sitka, under contract, with a variety of articles raised on them. They have introduced large herds and flocks into the territory from California, and during our stay there several thousand head were imported. They are thus doing incalculable good to the territory, and rendering it more valuable for future settlers. At the same time, this exerts an influence in domesticating the Indians, not only by changing their habits, but food, and attaching them to a locality.

The Indians of the Territory are not a wandering race, as some have asserted, but change for food only, and each successive season will generally find them in their old haunts, seeking it.

The settlements established by the missionaries, are at the Willamette falls and valley, Nisqually and Clatsop, in the western section, and at the Dalles, Wallawalla, Lapwai, and Chimekaine, on the Spokan, in the middle.

Those of the middle section are succeeding well; and although little progress has been made in the conversion of the Indians

to Christianity, yet they have done much good in reforming some of the vices and teaching some of the useful arts, particularly that of agriculture, and the construction of houses, which has had the effect, in a measure, to attach them to the soil. The men now rear and tend their cattle, plant their potatoes and corn, which latter they exchange for buffalo meat with those who hunt. The squaws attend to their household, and employ themselves in knitting and weaving, which they have been taught. They raise on their small patches, corn, potatoes, melons, &c., irrigating the land for that purpose. There are many villages of Indians still existing, though greatly reduced in numbers from former estimates.

Population.—It is extremely difficult to ascertain, with accuracy, the amount of population in the Territory. The Indians change to their different abodes as the fishing seasons come round, which circumstance, if not attended to, would produce very erroneous results.

The following is believed to be very nearly the truth; if any thing, it is overrated:

Vancouver or Washington Island			5,000
From the parallel of 50° to 54° north			2,000
Penn's Cove, Whidby's Island, mainland (Shatchet tribe)			650
Hood's canal, (Suquamish and Toando tribe)			500
At and about Okanagan			300
About Colville, Spokan, &c			450
Willamette falls and valley			275
Pillar rock, Oak Point, and Columbia River			300
Port Discovery	150	Chalams	420
Fort Townsend	70		
New Dungeness	200		
Wallawalla, including the Nez-percés, Snakes, &c			1,100
Killamouks; north of Umpqua			400
Cape Flattery and Queen Hythe to Point Granville, (Classet tribe)			1,250
Blackfeet tribes that make incursions west of the Rocky Mountains			1,000
Birch Bay			300
Frazer's River (Neamitch tribe)			500
Chenooks			209
Clatstops			220
At the Cascades			105
At the Dalles			250
Y'Akama River			100

De Chute River	125
Umpquas	400
Roger's River	500
Klamets	300
Shastys	500
Kallapugus	600
Nisqually	200
Chikelis and Puget's Sound	700
Cowelits or Klakatacks	350
Port Orchard	150
	19,154

The whole Territory may be estimated as containing twenty thousand. Of whites, Canadians, and half-breeds, there are between seven hundred and eight hundred, of whom about one hundred and fifty are Americans; the rest are settlers, and the officers and servants of the Company. The Indians are rapidly decreasing in all parts of the country; the causes are supposed to be their rude treatment of diseases, and the dissipated lives they lead.

The white American population, as far as I have been able to judge of them, are orderly, and generally industrious; although they are, with the exception of the missionaries, men who have led, for the most part, dissolute lives.

The absence of spirits, as long as it continues, will probably secure them from excesses. Very much to their credit, they have abandoned the use of spirituous liquors, by consent of the whole community.

I cannot but view this Territory as peculiarly liable to the vice of drunkenness. The ease with which the wants of man are obtained, the little labour required, and consequent opportunities for idleness, will render it so. The settlers of the Willamette valley have, with a praiseworthy spirit, engaged to prevent the establishment of distilleries, and there are, as yet, no places where spirits can be bought (to my knowledge) in the Territory.

It is highly creditable to the Hudson's Bay Company, that on a vessel arriving on the coast with some spirits on board, in order to prevent its introduction, they have purchased the whole cargo, while, at the same time, their storehouses were filled with rum. They have, with praiseworthy zeal, interdicted its being an article of trade, being well satisfied that it is contrary to their interest, and demoralizing in its effects on all the tribes and people with whom they have to deal, rendering them difficult to manage, quarrelsome among themselves,

and preventing their success in hunting. Endeavours have likewise been made by the officers of the Company to induce the Russians, on their side, to adopt this example, and do away with it as an article of trade, but hitherto without success. This no doubt has been one of the causes affecting the decrease of tribes, as it was formerly almost the only article of trade.

In the event of the territory being taken possession of, the necessity of circumscribing the use and sale of spirits cannot be too strongly insisted upon by legal enactment, both to preserve order and avoid expense.

As far as the Indians have come under my notice, they are an inoffensive race, except those in the northern parts. The depredations committed on the whites may be traced to injuries received, or arise from superstitious motives.

Missionaries.—Little has yet been effected by them in christianizing the natives. They are principally engaged in the cultivation of the mission farms, and in the care of their own stock, in order to obtain flocks and herds for themselves, most of them having selected lands. As far as my personal observation went, in the part of the

country where the missionaries reside, there are very few Indians to engage their attention; and they seemed more occupied with the settlement of the country and in agricultural pursuits than in missionary labours.

When there, I made particular inquiries whether laws were necessary for their protection, and I feel fully satisfied that they require none at present, besides the moral code it is their duty to inculcate.

The Catholic portion of the settlement, who form a large majority, are kept under good control by their priest, who is disposed to act in unison with the other missionaries in the proper punishment of all bad conduct.

I cannot close this report without doing justice to the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company's service for their kind and gentlemanly treatment to us while in the territory, and bearing testimony that, during all my intercourse, and in their dealings with others, they seemed to be guided by one rule of conduct highly creditable to them, not only as business men, but gentlemen.

They afforded us every assistance that was in their power both in supplies and in

means to accomplish our duties. There are many persons in the country who bear testimony to the aid and kindness rendered them in their outset; and of their hospitality it is needless to speak, for it has become proverbial.

To conclude, few portions of the globe, in my opinion, are to be found so rich in soil, so diversified in surface, or so capable of being rendered the happy abode of an industrious and civilized community. For beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate, it is not surpassed. It is peculiarly adapted for an agricultural and pastoral people, and no portion of the world beyond the tropics can be found that will yield so readily with moderate labour, to the wants of man.

THE END.

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